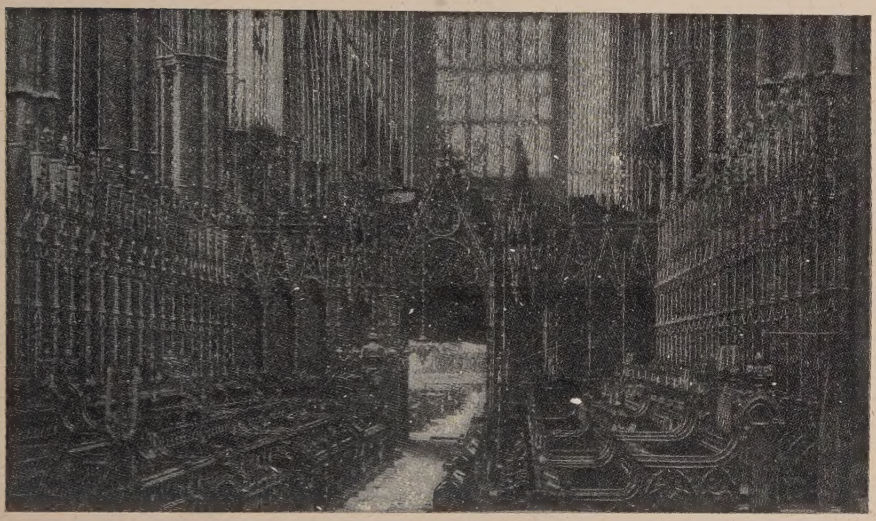
Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1902.

THE CROWNING OF OUR KING.*

BY J. H. YOXALL, M.P.



THE CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE SCENE OF THE CORONATION.

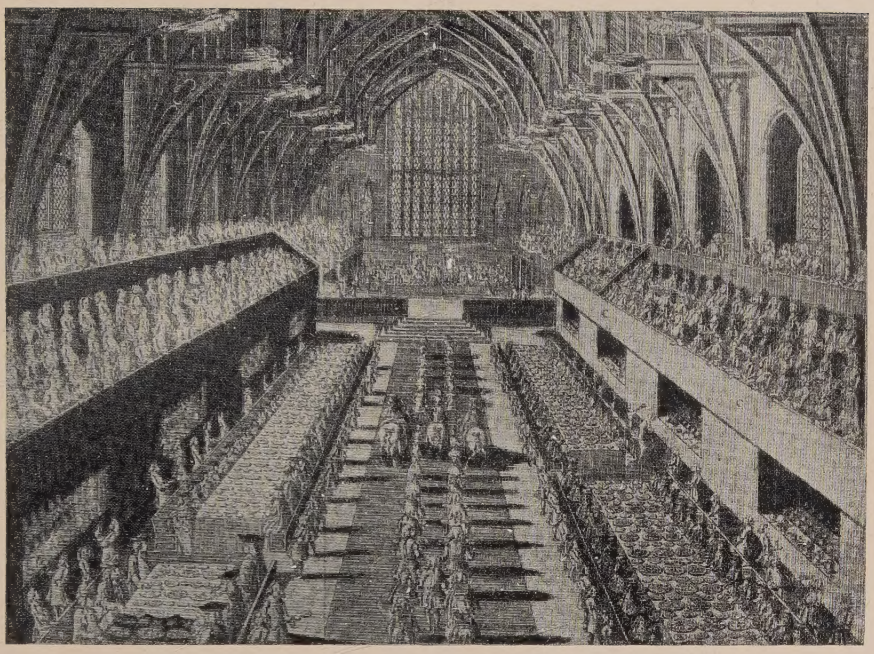
POET'S CORNER was sloped and galleried almost like stalls and dress circle at the Opera, the statues of bards and sages were hidden in blue and orange hangings, and Lords and Commons watched from this vantage point instead.

Thither the Peers had come, magnificent in robes of crimson and ermine over gold-laced coats and white breeches, and carrying their coronets with baggy red velvet tops upon their fists, some of them like gorgeous boxing-gloves. The Members of Parliament were accoutred as officers of the army or yeomanry or volunteers, or uniformed as Deputy-Lieutenants of their counties, or wore the black velvet and steel of court costume; a few of them, the Radical and Labour M.P.'s, were in ordinary morning dress. And thus, from Poet's Corner, these two estates of the realm watched the splendid *mise-en-scene.*

Opposite, a great bank of peeresses, all crimson, ermine, and lace, white shoulders and diamond heirlooms. In the midst the two thrones of red and gold, the King's raised two steps higher than the other, and around the vast carpet of deep blue pile marked with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and lotus, stretching from the altar down the sanctuary or "theatre" of the crowning array to the great west

* For several of the cuts illustrating this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the Farmer's Advocate, London.

THE KING AND QUEEN ENTHRONED.



CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV.

Banquet in Westminster Hall, King's Champion performing the ceremony of the Challenge. In this hall Charles I. was tried and condemned to death.

door. In the choir stalls the Archbishops, Bishops, and Westminster Canons in red were ranked ready. Overhead the tattered war-flags, the storied windows of azure and amber and gules, the Whig and Tory tints of the velvet which hung the galleries that rose to the roof, the sea-blue and ruby of ancient tapestries, the gray of the clerestory, the pale violet of the upmost air. The old place was a dream of colour.

A strain of music from the choir, of 400 trained singers, men and boys, in robes of white and sanguine : "A Safe Stronghold Our God is Still" they sang, the old Lutheran chorale. The vast congregation rustled with anticipation, but it was only ten of the morning, still an hour and a half to wait.

And what a congregation ! Foreign princes and envoys, representatives of the greatest Republic and the smallest European kingdom, ambassadors and the diplomatic staffs of every nation. Premiers of the Empire, maharajahs and dazzling Indian feudatories, peers and peeresses, Members of Parliament and their wives or daughters in court dress, field marshals and admirals, the judges red-robed and bewigged, chancellors of universities in gold and black, the State priesthood and Nonconformist pastors, British and American pressmen lining the triforium, nurses and ambulance men and firemen peeping in wait.

What a mingling of climes and eras! A Parsee who is Member of Parliament sat near me, swarthy in the Windsor uniform; a Cypriote lady and a veiled Moslem dame watched from a chapel in the choir ; three negroes clad in violet and white stood in the light that fell through fourteenth century windows ; one saw the yellow silks of Buddhists, the

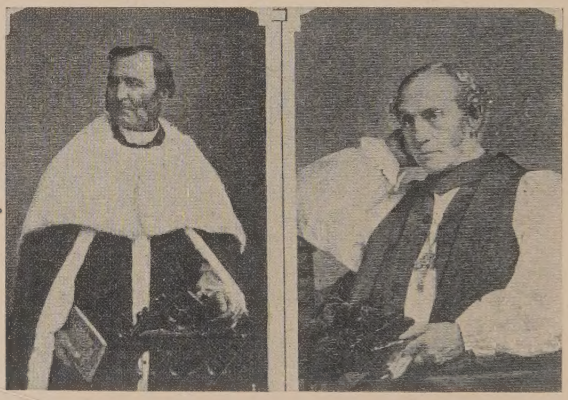
khaki of South Africa ; above the transept wall where tablets hang to English poets and philosophers, a vivid Abyssinian chieftain flaunted his garb of red and green and the barbaric feathers of his headgear. I saw a row of commodores, fresh from the iron and steel fleet at Spithead, yet mediævalism itself spoke in the presence of Clarencieux, King of Arms, and the unicorn pursuivant ; hung with armorials, a dozen heralds knelt at the steps, bent forward, and covered in safety by the blazonry of their tabards, as heralds did at Dijon and Plessis les-Tours.

A fanfare of silver trumpets, and the procession of the Prince of Wales, the princes and princesses of the blood, passes to the choir. Another wait ; and then *"Ave, ave, ave, Alexandra ! vivat Regina!"* the chorused shout of the privileged boys of Westminster school echoed along the nave, and up to the sanctuary came the Queen, a vision of grace and beauty, the bank of peeresses rippling like the wind on standing corn with their simultaneous curtsy as she passed. " Grace was in all her steps," she looked the Queen of Hearts, and slow and stately as in a minuet moved lovely maids of honour who followed her page-borne train of tissued gold.

Again the acclaim of schoolboys ; again the trumpets blare, and now into the ken of his faithful Lords and Commons comes the King. No invalid, no convalescent to look at, but a strong and mighty monarch, glorious in apparel, kingly of presence, fit centre for such a coronation pomp. He passes by his throne to his chair and faldstool before the altar, and " turns and shows himself unto the people at every of the four sides of the theatre," as the protocol of the coronation ordains. Then the Primate of All England, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal, preceded by Garter King of Arms, go to the knot of the cruciform, and " at every of the four sides " the Archbishop, with a loud voice, speaks to the people.

" Sirs, I here present to you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm," he cries. " Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same? "

" God Save King Edward! " was the shouted response, and we heard the trumpets sound.



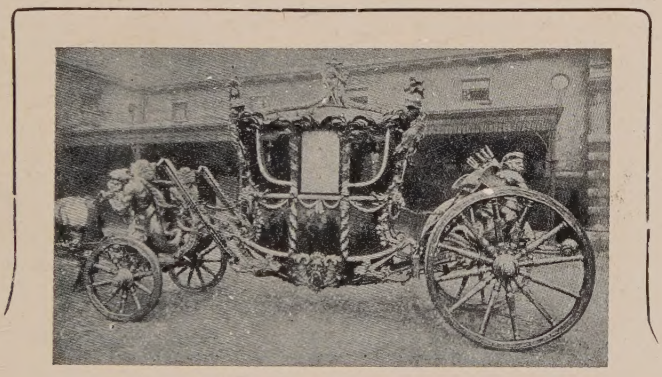
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who crowned the King.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
Who crowned the Queen.

The Introit next, sweet singing, "O Hearken Thou Unto the Voice of My Calling;" and the communion service began, with "Our Father, which art in Heaven." The rugged voice of the aged Archbishop came loud in the administration of the oath, "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the land?"

"I solemnly promise so to do."

"Will you to the utmost of your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed, maintain the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel?"



THE CORONATION COACH.

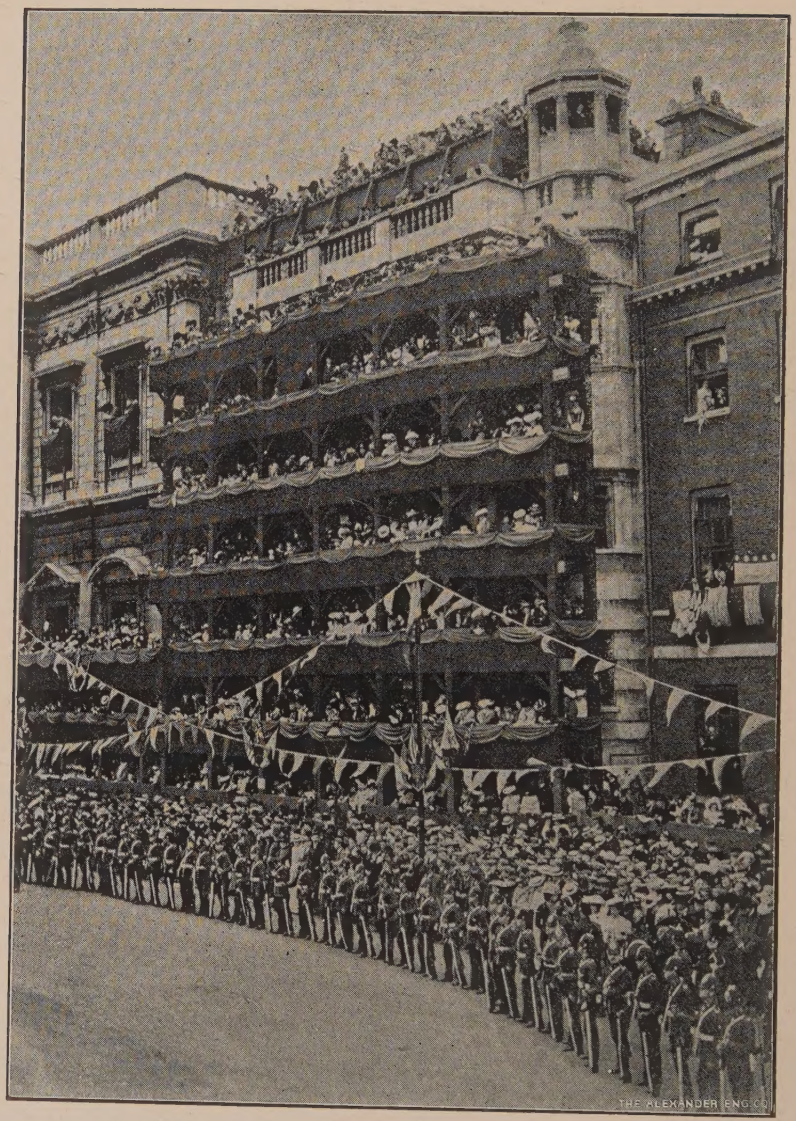
"All this I promise to do." And then the King, kneeling at the altar and laying his hand on the Bible, cried aloud: "The things which I have herebefore promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!"

The whole congregation could hear him, and we stared at each other in amazement as those words came clear and sonorous. Was that the utterance of the man who lay at the gates of death so brief awhile ago?

Steady and sturdy he persists in his great part. Head and breast and palms are anointed in the sign of the cross; feet are touched with the golden spurs, the sword is handled, the orb and the sceptre; and then the diadem burns, with all its jewelled fire, upon his head. A line of light runs around the capitals of the tall arches, diamonds everywhere blaze, peers don their coronets, "God Save King Edward!" we shout, and through the clash of reeling bells one heard the far-off faint boom of cannon on London Tower.

Music again: "Be strong and play the man, keep the commandments of the Lord," the choir adjured the crowned. "The Lord give you victorious fleets and armies," the Archbishop prayed, "a quiet Empire, a faithful Senate, wise and upright councillors and magistrates, a loyal nobility and dutiful gentry, a pious clergy, an honest and industrious commonalty." The frail old man's voice quavered in the "Amen," yet never were words rendered with more impressive cadence than when he gave the Bible to the King. "We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing this world affords. Here is Wisdom; this is the Royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God."

The King proceeded to his throne, between the Lords and Commons, and surrounded by the Prime Minister and the great officers of State, he seated himself and raised a sceptred hand. Then he rose, as husband and gentleman, for the Queen was making her obeis-

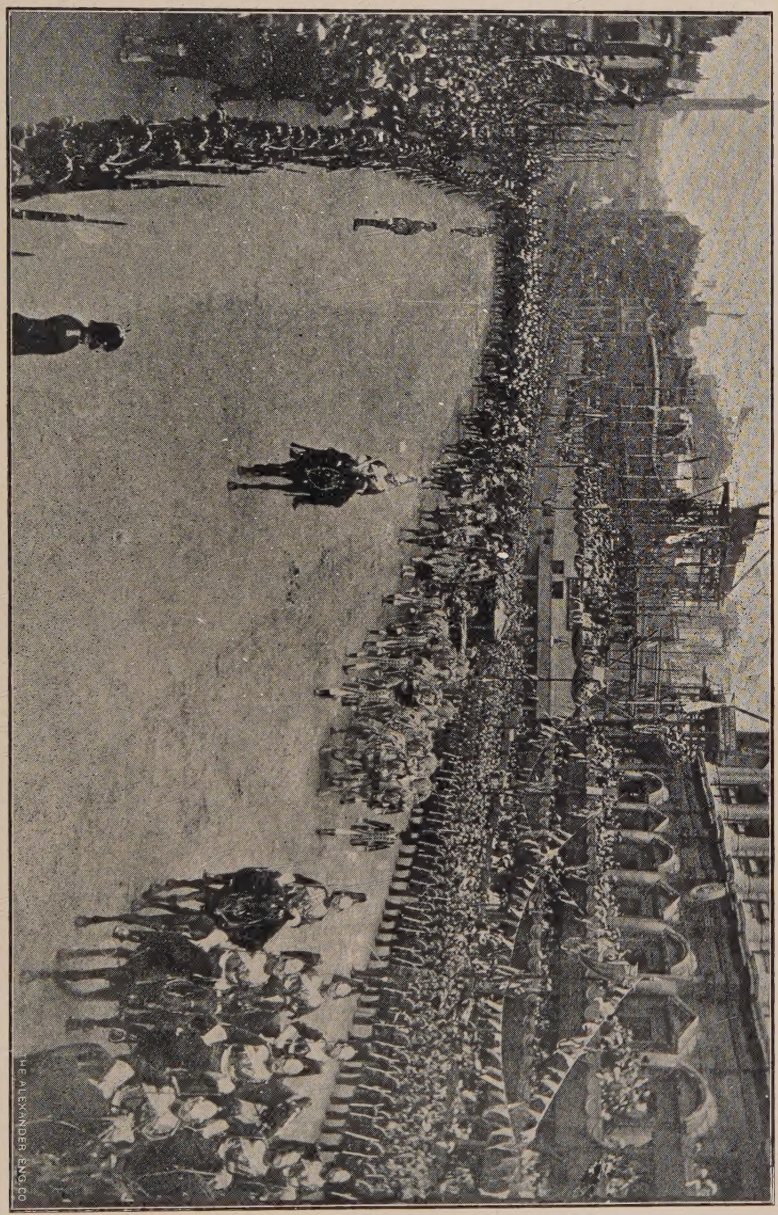


WAITING FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION—ONE OF THE DECORATED STANDS.

ance. The Archbishop, the Prince and the heads of the respective ranks of the peerage now did their fealty. It touched the onlookers to see an affectionate interlude between father and son. The Prince kissed his father's cheek, knelt bareheaded, swore obedience: "I, George, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, so help me God!" And then the son gripped the father's hand, and held it, whispering: "You've accomplished it, sir, in spite of all!" was what he must have said. That unpremeditated gesture gave the impression of family love.

Then the Queen was crowned and enthroned; her diadem, high and graceful in shape, scintillated with diamonds. The two then took the bread and wine at the altar, and

made oblations of gold. The Coronation March resounded, the procession streamed down the Abbey, the deed was done. And I, hurrying out to the Palace yard, saw the royal train, escorted by Life Guards, Highlanders, Irish Fusileers, Colonial mounted infantry, Fijian soldiers, Dyaks, Pathans, and Bengal Lancers, and marshalled by Kitchener and Roberts, go by. It was two of the clock.



THE CORONATION PROCESSION GOING TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AUG. 9TH.—THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

This is the twentieth century, and most of the protocol dates back for hundreds of years ; yet I think I may say that nothing jarred upon

the modern spirit. To modern men in a monarchical land this was not only the stateliest but the seemliest of ceremonials. It maintained the traditions and splendours of the historic past, but did not sin against modern good taste. It had been finely planned and organized ; no hurry nor flurry marked the movement of the pageant. It was fitly performed. The two great figures in it were the King and the Archbishop ; there was pathos in the crowning, by the priest, at the bourne of life, of the monarch newly returned from the brink of death. Church and State, King, Queen and Prince, soldier and politician and philosopher, all knelt at the altar of Christ. The service was the homage and act of faith of our lord and people before God.—The Independent.

THE CORONATION OF CHARACTER.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Where are the swelling majesties of old,
The kings who built on skulls and emptiness?—
Where Ninus, with the dove upon his shield?
His name is now a whisper from the dust
That once was Nineveh, that once was pride.

And where is Rameses, the king of kings?
He has gone down to nothingness and night.
One sunken stone beside the dateless Nile
Stammers to Time his ineffectual fame.—
And Jamshid—name for splendour—where is he
Whose palaces did pulse with precious stones?—
His dream in marble and his brag in brass,
With all his towers are faded like thin clouds
That lightly blew above Persepolis.

Lo, all these crowns were only whirls of foam:
The amaranthine crown is Character.
When the whole world breaks to ashes, this will stay.
When punctual Death comes knocking at the door,
To lead the soul upon the unknown road,
This is the only crown not flung aside
By his fastidious hand. To the crowned soul
The path of Death is but an upward way.

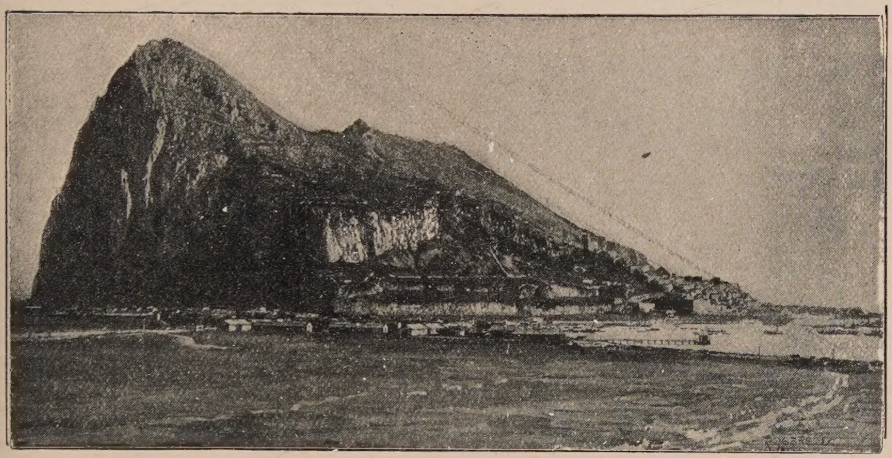
Touched by this crown, a man is king, indeed,
And carries fate and freedom in his breast;
And when his house of clay falls ruining,
The soul is out upon the path of stars!
This is the crown God sees through all our shows,
The one thing that is stronger than the years
That tear the kingdoms down. Imperious Time,
Pressing a wasteful hand on mortal things
Reveals this fair eternity in man,—
A power that rises even from the tomb,
And lays its austere sceptre on To-day.

The beggar, he may earn it with the king,
And tread an equal palace full of light.
Fleet Youth may seize this crown; slow footed Age
May wear its immortality. Behold!
Its power can change bare rafters to a home
Sweetened with hopes and hushed with memories;
Can change a pit into a holy tomb
Where pilgrims keep the watches of the night;
Can change an earthly face until it shines,
Touched with unearthly beauty. It can turn
A prison to a temple of the soul,
A gallows to an altar. In its might
A reed did once become a sceptre,—yea,
A cross became a throne; a crown of thorns,
A symbol of the Power above the world.

—*Success.*

PICTURES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY SAMUEL H. PYE.



ROCK AND FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

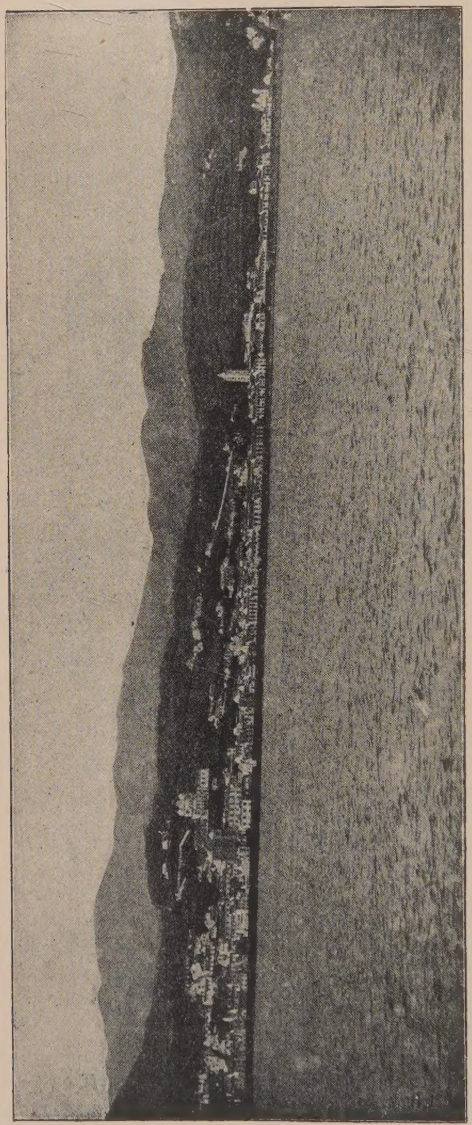
THE pleasure of a trip on the continent of Europe is considerably augmented if one can be relieved from care with reference to baggage, finances, and inability to speak of the language of the various countries one travels through.

The first can easily be attained by avoiding the carrying of unnecessary luggage. The language is another matter, and may be a source of great annoyance or one of actual amusement. That depends on the traveller's disposition. If a person gets impatient or excited he will not get the information he is seeking. It should be remembered that it seems as unreasonable and incomprehensible to a foreigner that we cannot understand him as it does to us that he does not at once grasp the meaning of our articulate and physical demonstrations, for it is true that gesticulation enters largely into the effort to be understood on both sides.

A Frenchman is a greater stickler for the proper accentuation of syllables than any other foreigner, and until you reach the correct one your efforts are in vain. My travelling companion and myself had diligently studied the phrase books, and on all occasions practised the art of pronouncing the words that we felt necessary to make our wants known until—in our own opinion—we had become quite expert ; but it was really more amusing than annoying to watch the different expressions on the countenances of the natives as we struggled to make ourselves understood. The Italians thought it a good joke, and laughed heartily at our miserable attempts to utilize our knowledge of their language. The Swiss looked with pity on us, while the stolid Germans had no patience whatever and waved us aside as a hopeless case.

French is the prevailing language throughout continental Europe,

consequently it will add materially to the pleasure of a foreign trip to have even a slight knowledge of that language. Yet it is not absolutely necessary, as the natives are dis-



HORTA, ISLAND OF FAYAL, AZORES.

posed to be accommodating, and will go much farther out of their way than an American in order to be of service to you. This readiness to help on the part of public officials and strangers became more and more remarkable as we travelled north, until it culminated, in London, in the most delicate and efficient attentions from a police force that has not its equal on the globe. It would add greatly to the comfort and happiness of our own citizens if the policemen of our large cities could be placed for awhile under the tutelage of these courteous and gentlemanly officers.

The romance of European travel is being rapidly dissipated by the charges that are taking place in the habits and customs and costumes of the people. The distinctions between Italians, Swiss, Germans, French, and our own race are more a memory of past fancies than of present reality. The middle and upper classes enjoy life to its fullest capacity, are great travellers, fond of amusement, and, judging by the stocks on the shelves of the bookstores, are greater readers than we generally give them credit for. While I am aware that it is not a popular thing to say, yet I must assert that, from my point of view, even the lower classes enjoy life much more fully than do the same class in our American cities, and I saw less degradation and actual want.

We took the southern route, passing the Azores, stopping at Gibraltar long enough to get a general view of this famous rock and fortification, and then on through the beautiful Mediterranean Sea to that most picturesque of all cities and harbours, Naples. The time was early May, and we went north as the season advanced, having delightful weather throughout the trip, and experiencing the warmest day just before leaving Liverpool—at the close of July, when the thermometer registered seventy-six degrees.

In all Europe I know of no city in which I would rather land, after

the monotony of twelve days at sea, than Naples. Naples, with its unequalled bay; with Vesuvius, unique for the ceaseless column of smoke emitted from its crater by day and lurid flames by night; for beautiful Capri just across the bay, with its enchanting blue grotto; for the strange sights and sounds in its streets, and for the ever-present spirit of jollity and good-nature displayed by rich and poor alike. There is more genuine amusement to be had in Naples than in any other city I now recall. You go out for a stroll up one of the narrow winding streets, and soon find the roadway preferable to the cramped sidewalk and the jostling crowd. Even in the broader way you are kept busy dodging the donkeys with their queer packs and the herds of goats who thread the highways and clamber up the steep steps of the intersecting streets with an assurance that is bred of long-continued recognition of supposed rights to the avenues of this picturesque city. It is a happy-go-lucky crowd that you meet, brimful of good-nature and bubbling over with the spirit of fun.

The "Villa Nazionale," a long, narrow park close to the sea, is the fashionable promenade, and here citizens of all classes resort on summer evenings, and make up a brilliant and effective scene full of the very essence of gaiety and life. Just outside the villa, on the shores of the bay, are motley crowds of fishermen and women discussing the day's work, and groups of water-boys, with their strangely-shaped water-jars, crying their wares incessantly with voices as liquid as the contents of their earthenware vessels.

STREET SCENE IN THE AZORES.

The Corso Vittorio Emanuele is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful drives in the world, circling around the heights back of the city until it reaches an elevation of several hundred feet, and is always in full view of the lovely city and charming bay. Naples probably contains a more cosmopolitan population than any other city in Italy,

if not in the world, for the ships of all nations—the oriental predominating—enter its port.

The cries of street-hawkers, the importunities of cabmen, and the solicitations of beggars are all pitched in a musical key, and comprise a melody at once unique and entrancing. It may sound somewhat strange to say it, but even the occasional funeral processions passing through the streets are attractions not to be missed, because of their peculiarity, the gorgeous accompaniment of flowers, and the apparent absence of grief. One of the most noticeable effects of a procession of this kind in Italy and other Continental cities, is the ready and universal custom of uncovering the head as the funeral cortege passes by.

The homes of the farmers, while small, were neat and cleanly, and there seemed to be as much comfort and good-cheer as among any similar class that came under our observation.

But what shall we say of Rome? For many years it had been an apparently hopeless desire that we might some time look upon this wonderful city, which furnishes the connecting link between the past and the present, and which contains within itself the historic evidences of the life and labours of St. Paul and St. Peter. We stood in the dismal vault where Paul was said to be confined, and shuddered at the thought of passing even one hour in this terrible pit. We walked out the Appian Way, and tried to imagine Paul's feelings as he walked that weary road to death. But it did not seem to us that there was any convincing evidence that the Saviour ever ascended the stairs which we saw a devoted but misguided woman ascending on her knees. Even our Catholic cab-driver expressed his doubts as to the authenticity of this fable, but he did it in an undertone, as though fearing the vengeance of the priests should his words be overheard.

NAPLES—MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

What a wonderful history has been that of this venerable and illustrious city, and what a wonderful transformation has occurred within the last century ! For Rome is rapidly becoming a modern city, and the relics of past ages are being obscured by the magnificent hotels and business blocks that modern civic administration of some American cities might take lessons from that of Rome.

We regret the meagreness of our vocabulary when we attempt to describe the beauties of Florence. Beautiful for situation and beautiful in its surroundings, it is an ideal city for rest, recreation, and

STREET SCENE IN NAPLES.

skill and enterprise are erecting in every portion of the city.

We walked its streets and avenues at any hour without fear, and unmolested save by the importunities of cabmen and beggars, and even these are being reduced to the minimum through the efforts of an efficient municipal government. The retrospect. Its galleries contain probably the finest collections of pictures in all Europe—pictures that, in variety of subjects, appeal to the tastes of a greater number of people than do those of the celebrated Louvre in Paris, and it is this fact that leads so many students of art to make this delightful city

their dwelling-place. Florence is a city practically without manufactories or trade, and the wonder is how so large a population is supported without these adjuncts. A week is entirely too short a space of time to get even a general impression of the rich treasures of art within the walls of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces alone, not to speak of the lovely little Protestant cemetery, where lie the remains of Mrs. Browning, Walter Savage Landor, and Theodore Parker. Savonarola's statue, in the Palazzio Vecchio, is the grandest work of Passagnio, and divides with the noble frescoes of Vasari the time one can devote to this palace, formerly the capitol of the republic.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

the attractions of its parks, its cathedrals, and the lovely suburban drives. The view from the heights of San Miniato is one of the most beautiful in the world, comprising a charming view of the entire city and the lovely valley of the Arno.

Tireless, we wandered the streets of this city, looking upon the home of the Brownings, the house of Michael Angelo, and away out to

Our last visit during our stay was our second to the Tribune, the inner sanctuary of the Uffizi Gallery, which Hawthorne terms "the richest room in all the world —a heart that draws all hearts to it."

Our ideas of the Italian people had been formed largely from the class of immigrants to be found in American cities, but we soon learned

that our impressions were unjust to the Italian people, whom we found to be courteous and industrious in the highest degree.

One might as well travel by night as by day between Florence and Bologna, for the intervals of daylight between the tunnels are extremely short, and the occasional glimpses of the intervening valleys

ITALIAN WOMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME.

most unsatisfactory. After leaving the valley of the Arno, the road winds through the beautiful plains of Lombardy and crosses the Apennines through a succession of tunnels, and over bridges, viaducts, and embankments in uninterrupted succession. There are only forty-five tunnels in this eighty-mile stretch, and two of them over a mile in length. The views, through the open country particularly, through the fertile plains of Tuscany, are truly charming, and fully justify the appellation of "The Garden of Italy."

We entered the walled city of Bologna after nightfall, and drove for an hour along its arcaded streets, and past some of the most picturesque remains of mediæval architecture. These arches are the distinguishing features of Bologna, and along the colonnade leading to the pilgrimage church of La Madonna di San Luca there are 635 of these peculiar arches. We walked the entire length of this winding colonnade, ascending gradually until, at the height of several hundred feet, our vision took in the whole prospect stretching from the Apennines to the Adriatic.

But we are off for Venice, not even the attractions of Padua and Ferrara detaining us for one moment. We are soon crossing the wonderful two-mile bridge, comprising more than two hundred arches, and are set down in this delightful city of the sea. The romance of Venice begins at the very steps of the railway station, for, instead of the lumbering omnibus of London, the more comfortable cab of Naples, or the fleeter jaunting-car of Dublin, we step into a gondola, and, resigning ourselves to the luxury of its comfortable cabin, we glide easily, almost noiselessly, through the waters of the Grand Canal, and are awakened as from a dream by the announcement from our gondolier that we are at our journey's end. Debarking, we hurry through the gaping crowds of beggars, with their incessant cries for *pourboire,* to our hotel on the Riva.

Venice has been so long the delight of tourists, and its attractions so fully described by Howells and others, that there is little left to be said by the casual traveller. With

VIEW OF FLORENCE FROM ACROSS THE ARNO.

the encroachment of modern ideas and customs, its glamour fades away, and even the gondoliers show the effect of sharp competition with steam transports, and the gaiety and exuberant spirit of the past have given place to a dogged and sullen demeanour little becoming the nature of their occupation. Still, there is enough of the ancient glory and picturesqueness of the old palaces and of St. Mark's Square and its splendid church to justify a prolonged stay in this famous and romantic city. The fascination of a tour of its canals in a gondola, of a walk through its streets and over its multitudinous bridges, and the sensation produced by mingling with its heterogeneous population, are indescribable and fadeless.

Milan is to-day the great metropolis of the kingdom of Italy, and one of the most enterprising cities on the continent of Europe. Of course we clambered over the roof of its magnificent cathedral, and up to the top of the bell-tower, and looked away to the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, thus taking in the most extensive and attractive landscape to be found in all Europe.

Como was brilliant with the most complete exhibition of electrical appliances ever collected, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of Volta, who was a native of this charming Italian city. The town was so crowded with visitors to the great exposition that we were glad to embark on one of the pretty little steamers that ply this lovely lake, for notwithstanding the rivalry of Lugano and Maggiore, and the Swiss and Scottish Lakes, Lake Como will ever remain the brightest and loveliest of them all. We rested over night at Bellagio, near the head of the lake, and saw what has been well described as the most beautiful scene in all this world.

The ride by rail over the mountain to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano, and thence by steamer to the charming city of that name, nestled around the foot of the mountain,

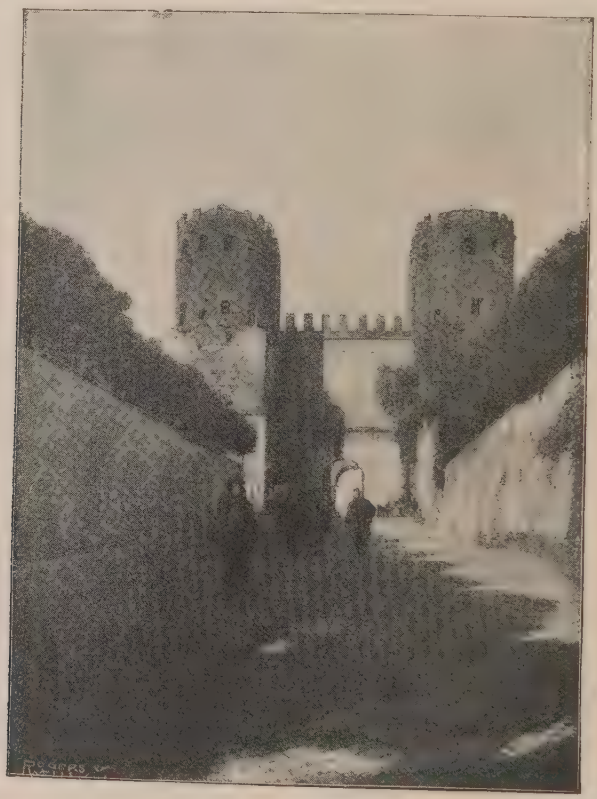
INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

was exciting and exceedingly picturesque ; the view from the summit embraced almost the entire extent of Lake Como, with its shorelines studded with lovely homes, many of which are modern reproductions of the most ancient castles. From Lugano we crossed the Alps. After whirling through circular tunnels, now and then catching a glimpse of daylight and a bit of mountain scenery, or dashing over a bridge suspended far above the mountain gorge, and dipping again into the bowels of the earth, we tear at a mad rate through the wonderful St. Gothard Tunnel, nine miles long, and emerge into the pure and salubrious atmosphere of Switzerland.

The journey through the wild gorges to Fluelen, on the lake of Lucerne, is indescribably beautiful and full of interest. The steamer-ride over this lovely lake, passing the Rigi, and always in full view of Mount Pilatus, is so beautiful that one cannot be pardoned for preferring the more expeditious railway. Lucerne is beautiful for situation, and a delightful city ; we tarry long enough to view the gigantic Lion of Lucerne, hewn out of the solid rock after Thorwaldsen's design.

Interlaken is our objective, and the Jungfrau the attraction that hurries us over the Brunig Pass on that wonderful cog-wheel railway, at times on the edge of a precipice several thousand feet above the valley that lies so smiling in the evening sun-glow at our feet. A short, but most attractive ride over the Brienzer Sea brings us to Interlaken and a Sabbath day's rest within full view of the beautiful Jungfrau, with her radiant mantle

of snow, decked as a bride for her wedding. It was a lovely June day that we ascended the mountain by way of the Wengern Alp and the Schiedeck, through a cut in a snow-bank twenty feet deep, and stood for hours in silent and enraptured contemplation of the majesty and beauty of this matchless mountain. The descent on the other side through Lauterbrunnen, passing the wonderful cascade of Staubbach and back to Interlaken, rounded a journey so replete with exciting and charming incidents that memory will never permit it to fade from our vision.



THE APPIAN WAY, ROME.

From Interlaken by steamer to Thun, thence by railway to Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva, is a trip filled with glimpses of scenes superlatively beautiful. This is the choicest agricultural region of Switzerland, and evidences of prosperity were everywhere apparent in comfortable homes and bountiful harvests. The meadows were crowded with men, women, and children, all intent on gathering the new-mown hay.

Geneva has always been an interesting city to tourists, not only because of its delightful situation and its proximity to Chamounix and Mont Blanc, but because of its loveliness as a place of residence and its beautiful suburbs.

Zurich is by far the brightest and liveliest city in Switzerland, and is famous for its institutions of learning as well as for its commercial enterprise. The manufacture of

silk has been an important factor in its wonderful development as a trade centre, and there are stores on its leading thoroughfares that equal, if they do not surpass, in attractiveness, the best of those on the Parisian boulevards.

A delightful trip from Zurich is to the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, only two hours distant by rail. To an American, whose pride centres around glorious Niagara, these falls seem too insignificant to warrant an hour's delay ; but to see them as we did, on a lovely afternoon in June, just as the sun reached that angle which brings out all colours of the rainbow, and more—fully justifies its claim to be the most beautiful waterfall on earth.

With deep regret we bade adieu to Switzerland, and from Romanshorn sailed over the lovely Bodensee (Lake of Constance), and entered Emperor William's domain at Lindau, Germany, in a drenching rain that followed us persistently throughout the whole of the German Empire.

In Germany everybody seems to be continually on dress parade. Military discipline and precision are so prevalent that the people do everything with mathematical exactness. Whether it be the guard at a railway crossing, or women sticking cabbage plants, there is a uniformity in pose and movement that suggests the training of a military camp, an orphan asylum, or a house of correction. This, however, is not to be wondered at when one reflects that all her able-bodied—and many not able-bodied—sons are compelled to devote a number of the best years of their lives to the service of the state in camp and field. At all railway crossings, and apparently at every half-mile section, the guard is to be seen standing at a present arms, and the confidence this gives to the traveller is one of the comforts of European travel not found in our own land.

One might enjoy the beautiful landscapes and other attractions of rural Deutschland were he not compelled to witness the drudgery of its women and dogs. No doubt the heavy drain on the males for military duty accounts in a measure for the immense number of women one sees in the fields, and even in gangs of railway labourers. The sight is not a pleasing one. Even the plea of better physical development does not justify to us the vast amount of hard labour required of German women. There is much the same harsh treatment of women to be found in Belgium, less in Switzerland, and still less in France, while it is almost obsolete throughout Great Britain. Among the poorer classes in Ireland the women do a great deal of the drudgery of farm life, but it is of a much lighter and less laborious character. The contrast between the light-heartedness and cheerful dispositions of the women of other European nations and those of Germany is quite apparent.

For the foregoing and other reasons—particularly for the disregard of the Sabbath by noisy parades and the enormous amount of beer guzzling—we did not derive a great deal of pleasure out of our sojourn in Germany, notwithstanding the evidences of prosperity everywhere, the beauty of its cities, and the charming views along its interesting waterways.

Munich is a great and enterprising city, with splendid art galleries, music halls, and attractive palaces, both public and private, and its manufacturing establishments of the highest development ; yet there is something wanting that you find in Florence, in Milan, in Paris, and London ; something of the warmth of welcome you experience in these other cities, and an evident distrust,

BELLAGIO, LAKE COMO, ITALY.

if not actual dislike, of foreigners, that is nowhere else found.

One of the quaintest and most interesting cities on the Continent is Nuremberg, combining, as it does, the architecture and customs of the past with all best features of modern cities. The old city wall, guarded by seventy towers, the castle on the rocky eminence, where it has stood for eight centuries, the Rathhaus, or town hall, adorned with the works of Albert Durer, and two of three churches of the thirteenth century, are the attractions of the ancient city.

It is an interesting trip through a lovely valley from Nuremberg to Frankfort, and our stay in the beautiful city was all too short. We spent three delightful days here, and it was really the one place in Germany that mitigated the unfavourable impression we had formed of the Fatherland. Poets and artists of all ages have depicted the beauties of the Rhine, and greater battles have been fought for its possession than any other river in history, and still *die Wacht am Rhein* is maintained with as great care, and with a greater display of military power than ever before.

Its castellated heights, vine-covered hills, and charming villages, were a never-ending source of interest and surprise as we swept around its sharp curves and through the rapid current, past fair Bingen and lovely Bonn, and until the magnificent proportions of the cathedral of Cologne appear in view.

We spent but a day in Cologne ; long enough, however, to make a prolonged visit to the famous cathe-

dral. When we stood beside it we fully realized how it had been possible to locate it when many miles distant, for its spires towered 500 feet above our heads. We also visited the church of St. Ursula, reputed to contain the bones of 11,000 virgins, martyred by the Huns. We listened to the familiar legend from the lips of a priest, whose English was so perfect and so natural that for the first time in our long journey we felt quite at ease and very much at home. His manners were as perfect as his language, and our visit was as pleasurable as profitable.

Brussels is Paris in miniature, and in some ways more beautiful than the original. France has had much to do with the development of the city, and has left its impress on every square. The Palace of Justice is a superb building, and its elevated location well displays its magnificent proportions and chaste architecture. The principal attraction of Brussels is, of course, the drive to the field of Waterloo. The intelligent driver points out the chief points of interest on this historic field.

Paris is too great, and has too many attractions, to be disposed of in a mere comment. Our first excursions were by means of the ever-present omnibus, and from the top of these one can get a better idea of the magnitude and magnificence of the city than through any other means.

One should walk the entire distance from the Louvre through the gardens of the Tuileries, and the noble Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe. Then, if he will ascend the arch and look backward, he will see a picture unrivalled for beauty and magnificence.

For months I had zigzagged about the continent of Europe. Naples had amused, Rome had inspired, Venice had delighted, and I had stood in wonder and admiration on the roof of the great cathedral of Milan. On up through the charming lake of Como and the wonderful St. Gothard Tunnel to the beautiful Jungfrau, with its pure white mantle of snow. Quaint old Dutch Nurnberg, Munich with its peculiar characteristics, Brussels with its attractive shops, and Paris with its lovely gardens, magnificent statues, galleries teeming with art treasures, and her effervescent populace, had given me a picture fadeless and variegated beyond description. Staid old London was enjoyable, and the Scottish lakes charming, and in a feeble way I have tried to give my impressions of long-neglected Ireland.* The voyage home was uneventful, except for the splendid view of Great Britain's magnificent navy manœuvring off Fastnet Light.

As I entered Cincinnati I was recounting all the delightful scenes through which this holiday had passed, until I became aware that I was nearing my old home in the charming suburb of Madisonville. Leaning far out of the car window, I caught a glimpse of the village Methodist church, and instinctively my soul was singing :

There is a spot to me more dear
Than any vale or mountain ;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain ;
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found
And felt my sins forgiven.

* See METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW for May and June, 1902.

"Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide."

MISSION WORK ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

BY THE REV. BARNABAS C. FREEMAN.

A NATIVE LOCAL PREACHER AND A STEWARD IN ANCIENT DANCING COSTUME.

II.

Gambling, Feasting, and Jugglery.

REFERENCE has been made to the Haidas' abstinence from food and drink when engaged in gambling. Success in this was supposed to be controlled by evil spirits. Every one gambled more or less. Children were trained to it in a game called "gkad-a-gong-o," in which a small stick in the shape of an L, is hurled into the air, and the count determined by the manner in which it comes to rest on the ground. Turnips and potatoes were furnished by the parents in the hope of a small increase.

The game played by adults was with a great number of small, round sticks, of the diameter, and two-thirds the length, of an ordinary lead pencil, uniform in size, but each with a distinct marking. Hour after hour, all day long, and on through the night as well, the two opponents sat on the ground opposite each other, taking neither

food nor drink, alternately shuffling these sticks under teased cedar bark to the rhythm of a low chant, until one or the other had lost all his store of goods. First would go his ready cash, then blankets, skins of the previous season's hunt, traps, rifle, canoe, food, even the blanket from his back, until he would be left utterly destitute. But it is now many years since this practice was totally abandoned by the Skidegate people.

Other amusements of the people were feasting and dancing. Feasts in connection with death have already been noticed. But they were often given by the chiefs on other occasions, as at the naming and first tattooing of a chief's son, and frequently through the following years in his successive advancement from title to title, from Duke of York to Prince of Wales. Gedanst, in his boyhood, was thus given successively at least twenty honorary titles.

Feasts on such occasions were not only for the entertainment of the people, but also the occasion was taken to impress them with the wonderful power of the chiefs. After the feasting, tricks of jugglery were performed by the chiefs, to the amazement of the wondering crowd. Sometimes these tricks were merely apparent defiance of the laws of nature, as making a stone to swim, or plunging the arm into boiling water and withdrawing it unharmed. Sometimes they were of the most gruesome nature, as thrusting a spear through a man's body and cutting off his head, or tying him up in a box and throwing it upon the blazing fire till all would smell the burning flesh and see the charred bones, the supposedly murdered man presently returning to the crowd unharmed, and describing wonderful scenes in the spirit land he had just visited. All these tricks are now readily explained by secret tunnels, double boxes, deceptive spear heads receding into the handle, and the like, while special arrangement of berry-juice and birds' blood, previously prepared in thin bladders, readily broken, gave the performance a most sanguinary and realistic aspect. The object of the chiefs was attained: the uninitiated were awe-stricken and subdued.

Dancing was always associated with such feasts. It was participated in by men and women, but never by both at the same time. With elaborate headdress, a grotesque mask representing a raven, or eagle, or distorted human face, and with a fancy blanket ornamented with many rows of bits of shell, or copper, or buttons, the dancer made at least an impressive figure. The dancing consisted of flexions of the body and gestures of the limbs to the time of the beating of a square, box-like drum, the clapping of hands, and the singing of a band of women seated in the background. Sometimes the dancer improvised a song for the occasion, with local hits for the amusement of the crowd, more direct than elegant.

Indian singing has been well described as "plain chant run mad." Its principal quality seems to be a succession of most doleful noises repeated with a tiring persistence. The dancing song appended may be sung to a variety of words; but the best idea of the general effect of the music will be gained by singing it to a repetition of the syllable "Ha, ha." The Haida lullaby seems quite as effective with the fat, dark-skinned babes as "Rock-a-bye Baby" with the more puny palefaces.

Taking the place of such "music," a brass band of fifteen or sixteen instruments now gives open-air concerts in the village every Saturday evening during the time the people are at home.

Decorative Art.

For all such festivities, and every other special dress occasion, faces of old and young were painted with patches of red and black arranged in various hideous forms, according to the family crest and rank. Sometimes a black blotch extended from one side of the forehead diagonally down across the eyes and nose to the opposite cheek, with the corners filled in with vermilion. This was the pattern of Gedanst's proudly exclusive decoration. In other cases, across the brow might be a strip of black, or across the nose, or over the mouth and chin, or on one side of the face, one cheek, or one eye, or occasionally a symmetrical design of eagle's claws on either cheek, the remaining space always being daubed with red. Their long, straight hair, plentifully mingled with royal eagle's down—and other things—might go uncombed for weeks or months, but to neglect this beautifying (?) of the features was to show utter indifference to social amenities. The colours were formerly obtained from charcoal and a red oxide of iron ore found plentifully in the districts, but latterly for red they adopted the more brilliant vermilion of commerce.

HAIDA VILLAGE, TOTEM POSTS.

Of more permanent character was the tattooing of the body, limbs, and occasionally the face, which was universally practised. The chest, back, thighs, legs, feet, toes, shoulders, arms, hands, and fingers, and occasionally the cheeks, were ornamented by conventional designs representing the raven,

eagle, bear, beaver, frog, whale, moon, or fabulous animals, pricked into the skin in red and black. The process was painful, and very tedious, as only a little could be done at a time. It began when the subject was but six or seven years of age, and continued at intervals to adult life. Each time of operating was made the occasion for feasting and dancing. The younger people are now left free from these markings, and many of the older ones would fain remove them were it possible, as they have come to appreciate our taste in such matters.

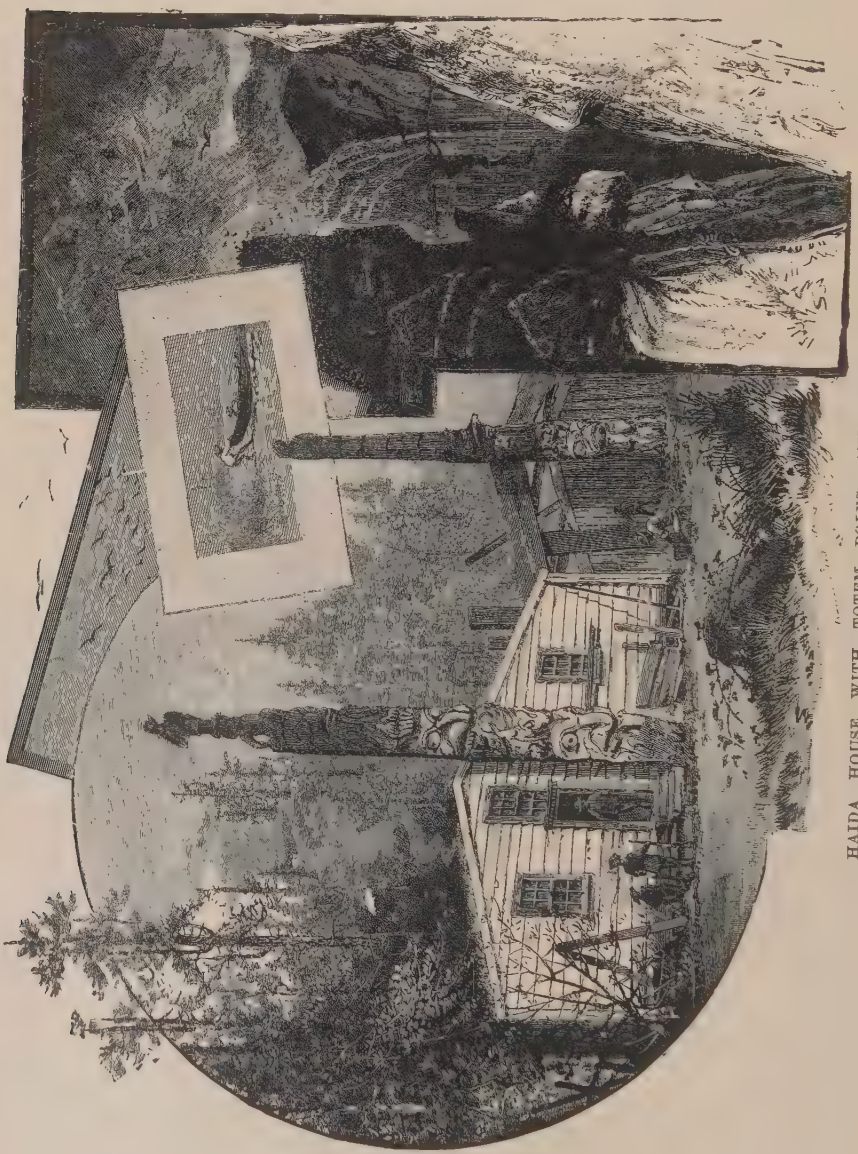
Other permanent disfigurements have been left on many by the abundant jewelry which formerly pleased their fancy. The rims of the ears were pierced by holes, varying in number according to rank—Gedanst had six in each ear—in which were inserted pieces of bone, shell, or wood, or even strips of coloured cloth. A precious bit of jewelry was a peculiarly thick and brilliant abelone shell obtained by barter from the mainland. Large pieces were suspended from the ears by bits of whale's sinew, and another large piece attached to the nose in the same manner. Every woman with any pretension to social standing had her lower lip pierced, and wore in the opening a bit of metal, bone, or wood, of varying size according to her rank, and frequently distending the lip most hideously. Such a labret of the usual shape, that of a distorted ellipse flattened on one side, I have found by actual measurement to be just three inches long and one and a half inches wide. But these all have given place to the somewhat more modest jewelry of civilization.

Dwellings.

The old-fashioned houses of the Haidas were very substantial buildings. There is a tradition among them that very long ago their ancestors lived in slight, bark-covered huts. But this must have been far back; for one of the most ancient traditions, one respecting volcanic eruptions of which there is no other record, depends for its interest to the native largely on the fact that the houses were similar to those of more recent date. These houses, of which the last disappeared from our village about four years ago, were immense structures about fifty feet square. In that area the earth was dug out to a depth of perhaps eight feet or more, thus lowering the floor well beneath the blast of winter winds or the range of stray musket bullets. At the corners were planted substantial cedar posts, eight feet high, and two feet thick. Dropped into notches in the tops of these were great cedar beams running from front to rear, forming the eaves of the house, usually flattened at the sides, and grooved underneath for the reception of the upper ends of the split cedar planks which, standing upright, formed the side walls. Four other, taller posts, two at either end, standing each perhaps eight feet within the nearest corner post, bore two other still larger, nicely rounded beams running from end to end for the support of the roof, and also two flattened timbers running from eave to peak across the ends, meeting at a low angle at the peak, and grooved underneath for the ends of the planks of the end walls. The roof was covered with thin cedar slabs, with a large square hole left in the centre for the smoke to escape. The door of early times was a short, narrow, elliptical opening in the front wall, sometimes three feet or so above the ground. The opening in some cases was so small and high that it was a by no means graceful performance for one to enter the house, thrusting through first one leg, then a hand and arm, then the head, and gradually pushing with the toe remaining on the ground

outside until the body had slid over the sill far enough for the limb within to reach solid footing. Once fairly inside, one descended by two

Immediately in front of these houses were erected totem poles, fifty or sixty feet in height, and three or four feet in diameter at



HAIDA HOUSE WITH TOTEM POLES, AND FIORD.

or three successive terraces of earth banked up behind immense beams of timber running about the four sides of the house, to the level of the family seated about the great fire in the centre.

the base. An immense cedar tree was brought to the village with infinite labour, and carved by professional craftsmen in part or all of its length with representations of the crests of the person erecting

the totem pole, or "standard," according to the literal rendering of the Haida term. It was frequently hollowed out at the back to reduce the weight and difficulty to erection. These poles were put up with great ceremony and expense to commemorate the name of the person erecting it. They had no connection whatever with any form of superstition or worship. Most of the totem poles, which once stood like a grove along the beach of Skidegate, have been cut down since the turning of the people to Christianity. The remainder are being rapidly carried off to museums in America and Europe as valuable relics of the declining race.

Potlatch.

At the erection of a totem pole, the completion of a house, and on many other occasions, feasting was connected with a peculiar ceremony generally known as "Potlatch." The word is from the Chinook jargon, and means to give. The Haida term for the ceremony, "ga-dong-ga," means to cast away. People having congregated from the neighbouring villages at the invitation of the chief, feasting and dancing would be carried on for some time, perhaps for days, culminating in the "potlatch." Great piles of furs, large quantities of food, especially fish oil, hundreds of blankets, and latterly boxes of biscuits, barrels of sugar, costly coppers, rifles and valuables of every description, even hard cash, which the chief and his family had been accumulating for years, often with great personal privation, were, from a raised platform, at the instance of the chief, distributed among the crowd, with much lauding of this benefactor of his race.

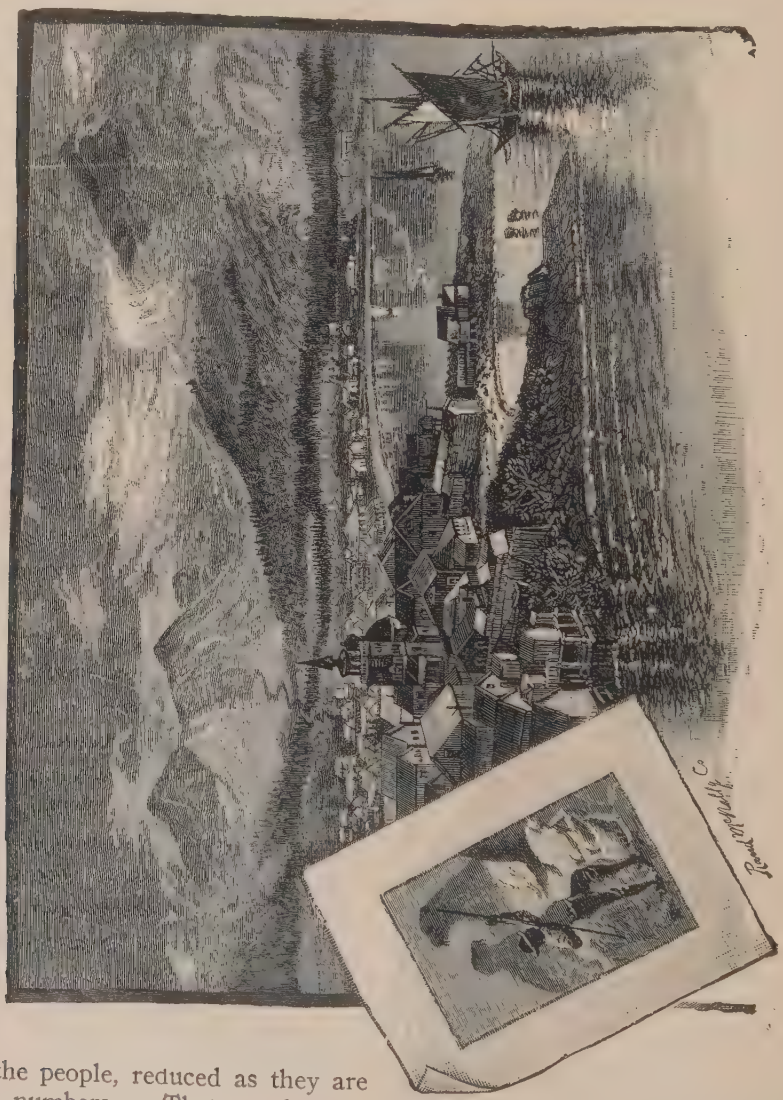
But this was no indiscriminate charity. The distribution was proportioned to the rank of the recipients, who were expected at some future time to make return with interest. One of the worst features of the practice was the amount of property wantonly destroyed to impress the people with the chief's wealth. Valuable blankets were torn to shreds, rifles were smashed against the totem pole, box after box of oolakan oil was thrown on the fire, or coppers were recklessly broken and thrown into the sea. The value of property distributed and destroyed on such an occasion sometimes ran into thousands of dollars. This custom, as can be readily understood, had a most baneful influence, but is now entirely abandoned by the people here.

From time immemorial a system of crests prevailed, with sharply defined laws practically inviolable. There remain on the islands two crests, the raven and the eagle. Every Haida belongs by birth to one or the other, the children invariably taking the crest of their mother. These prevail over the entire coast, and constitute among the natives a kind of universal Free-masonry. Indians everywhere feel bound by their unwritten laws to give any possible assistance to those of their own crest. Feasting and potlatching were often confined to the members of a crest. Even yet, goodnatured rivalry between the two parties is sure to call forth general interest. In each of these clans there were numerous subcrests proudly maintained by various chiefs and families. As already stated, the totem pole usually gave the heraldic bearings of the household erecting it.

Marriage.

Members of the same principal crest were not permitted to intermarry. A raven must always marry an eagle. Even now, though occasionally done, it is

against the general sentiment. This is regrettable, for while it is not a preventive of consanguinity in marriage, it does prevent many otherwise most desirable unions, especially in the present condition of the people, reduced as they are in numbers. That reformer, Gedanst, in opposition to the custom, married one of his own crest. In all other matters marriage is arranged by the parents, quite independent of sentiment. Even the wishes of the principal parties to the contract are but little consulted. Though this may seem outrageous to our ideas, yet it, like many other seemingly barbarous customs, may be at least condoned, if not wholly excused, by the moral and social conditions from which it originated.



SITKA, ALASKA.

The services of an intermediate party are usually employed by the young man's parents. It often be-

comes the solemn duty of the missionary to carry on the negotiations, and the rebuffs he meets are sometimes as plainly worded as they are unanswerable. A clear moral record is coming to be more and more appreciated.

In the olden days marriage was merely a provisional contract between the two parties, bound by an exchange of presents between the families, and disannulled at any time by return of the presents. A man inheriting a chieftaincy from his uncle was required to abandon his former wife and her children, and take the widow of the late chief along with the other emoluments of the position. Very occasionally polygamy, as also polyandry, was practised. But in this, as in most other matters, these people have now adopted Christian principles, and attempt to follow lines of civilization, even to bridal veil and orange blossoms.

Among the Haidas the husband is married to the wife, and goes to live with her people in their home, until the young people in later years put up a house of their own. He becomes the servant of her family, and by strict etiquette may not even address directly his wife's mother. What he wishes to say to her must be communicated through his wife.

In this home, surrounded by watchful friends and sympathetic advisers, the young people learn lessons of forbearance and duty which in earlier years have been too much neglected. Here begins the first real discipline of life. The pampered boy must now take his part in the serious duties of every day. He who has thought only of himself, now providing by his daily toil for the support of others, becomes a man. The spoiled girl must now prepare a share of the food. The weather may be cold, and her fingers aching, but she may not leave her mother alone on the beach until she too has cut up her portion of the salmon or halibut and hung it up to dry. The husband, wet and tired from the hunt, must have his meal prepared. So these two young people, deprived of the early romance of life, yet learn something of its deeper lessons of forbearance and service. Nor are their lives usually wanting in a reciprocal affection, not less deep because undemonstrative, and growing with the years.

Food.

The food of this people naturally consists largely of fish and other gleanings from the sea. Halibut and salmon, fresh, or smoked and dried, are staples. Smoked and salted black cod, or fresh rock cod, blue cod, and flounders give variety. Herring roe, deposited on grass or on the broad leaves of kelp, is gathered and eaten fresh, or preserved by drying on racks in the sun for the later season's use. The edible seaweed, or dulse, is another staple of food. The best growth is in February and March. It is gathered from the rocks between low and high water, and laid out in the sun until dry enough to pack together. It is then pressed into cakes about a foot square and an inch thick, when it is ready for commerce, or for laying away with the year's store of food.

Besides this, varieties of shellfish, clams, mussels, cockles, crabs, sea-urchins, as well as several kinds of chiton, and also trepang and devil-fish, are easily secured, and usually eaten fresh. A bear steak, or a stew of seal meat, makes a break from fish diet, while ducks and geese are secured in considerable numbers in their season. Wild huckleberries, cranberries, and crab-apples are extensively preserved in sugar by the women for winter use. Potatoes and other vegetables they cultivate in an indifferent manner, and canned foods they occasionally

purchase. Good yeast bread has become an indispensable article of diet, as also have tea and sugar.

Two of their principal delicacies remain to be mentioned. The first is an oil obtained from a small fish, the oolakan, which in March runs up the Naas and Kitamaat Rivers in great numbers for a short time. The natives of the mainland who prepare the oil are engaged in securing fish as long as the run lasts, so that by the time they turn their attention to the next process the fish are in a by no means fresh condition. Of course, the oil, extracted by boiling and straining, retains in a marked degree the rancid odour of the fish. It is known locally as "hum grease," "hum" being a Chinook word for stench. This oil is used by the Indians in great quantities on all occasions, scooped up on bits of dried fish, mixed with the boiled fish, stirred up with a stew of potatoes and meat, mixed up with delicious fresh berries and sugar, and even spread over the tops of the loaves of unbaked bread to keep the crust soft in baking. A particularly fancy dish they make by mixing this oil with snow and sugar, which in proper proportions form an emulsion of the consistency and appearance of ice-cream.

The other dainty is not used in so many ways, but is considered even a greater delicacy. Fresh salmon roe is packed in air-tight bladders, or buried in the earth until it becomes actually fetid. Then slightly boiled and mixed with a little oolakan oil, it is a dish quite beyond the forbearance of the civilized stomach. But the native can only understand our repugnance to it by remembering his own for the white man's cheese.

Etiquette.

Of table and social etiquette according to Haida standards, white people are sometimes lacking in the most elementary principles. They will occasionally refuse the food offered them. Worse still, they will decline an invitation to dinner on the paltry plea that they have just dined, or are not hungry, thus humiliating the hospitably inclined native. No greater insult could be offered. For who ever was known to have eaten so much that he could not eat more? Certainly it was not an Indian. Visiting a camp where a number of families prepared their food at the one fire, I have seen the Indian accompanying me moving about from one family party to another throughout the day, with but short intervals, partaking of their hospitality, not because he was hungry, but because he was polite.

For the embarrassment the Indian sometimes feels in his intercourse with civilization he occasionally has his compensation. Sitting down in the circle about the kettle of boiled food, the unsophisticated white may be as much embarrassed by the great horn ladle thrust into his hand, as the Indian once might have been by knife and fork. With this ladle he is expected to convey the food from the central base of supplies, and take it into his mouth from the edge with a supping noise expressive of his appreciation of the dish. It is good form, after completing the repast, to remove by licking with the tongue any crumbs which may remain sticking to the ladle before returning it to the hostess with a formal expression of thanks.

Between the native custom of placing the food on the floor, and the white man's, of elevating it on a table, these people have made a compromise with tables from eight to sixteen inches high, from which they can take the food while still remaining in a comfortable position on the floor. For the older people, the chairs of civilization are most uncomfortable contrivances, and

frequently when calling on the missionary they will quietly slip down to the floor from such an elevated position, and calmly stretch out their limbs in comfortable repose. Except on very informal occasions the women never ate with the men, but afterwards, as became their inferiority. Too much talking during a meal shows an inconsiderate lack of attention to the matter in hand.

On entering a house according to old standards of etiquette, do not under any circumstances knock at the door. If you happen to be of higher social rank than the occupants of the house, send a herald to give warning of your approach, and then enter with as much assurance as if the house were absolutely your own. If of lower rank, slip in through the door as unobtrusively as possible, and remain standing until offered a seat. About the room you will observe, in their places, the chief at the back, opposite the door; beside him, the honoured guests and men of the household; and along the sides of the room, the younger members of the home. Beside the door, to your left, are the slaves, sitting well back from the fire; while the space to the right of the door is reserved for the housewife and her domestic utensils. If received cordially, you will be called by the head of the house to a seat near him. Otherwise, you may be indifferently seated near the door.

Leave-taking among the Haidas is at least absolutely honest. The guest, rising, remarks, "I'm going now," and the host replies, "That is well. Go." As the guest reaches the door he is cautioned to "stand firmly."

Secret Societies, "Dog Eaters" and "Body Eaters."

Very formidable opposition to the missionary's influence in the beginning came from two organized societies, which discovered that the new principles taught antagonized their influence. The rites of initiation into these societies were kept strictly secret by the leading men who controlled them. The penalty for exposure of these secrets was death, inflicted by the members of the society.

It was generally believed that the initiated became possessed of a spirit which at times drove him into a frenzy, when he became an object of awe and fear to the too credulous people. When wrought into such a condition during the progress of a dance, the performer, in a nude condition, would rush out of the house, the people fleeing from him in terror. If of the "Dog Eaters," he would finally seize a dog, strangle it in his hands, tear off strips of the skin with his teeth, and actually devour pieces of the dripping flesh. If he were of the society of "Body Eaters," the performance was still more gruesome. Pulling with his teeth some mouldering human body out of its box, he would devour portions of the putrid flesh. At the time, however, of the coming of the first missionary, this revolting cannibalism had given place to its mere semblance, in the body there having been previously concealed some edible substance which the performer devoured. But the influence of these societies over the people was great, and maintained by all kinds of trickery. Gedanst, as a boy, had been initiated into the society of Body Eaters, and by him have been exposed many of the secrets of the society, too lengthy to be related here.

Such was the general moral and social condition of the people when the first missionary landed here less than nineteen years ago.

In November, 1883, the pioneer missionary, Mr. George Robinson, landed at Skidegate, where he re-

mained for nearly two years. In the summer of 1885 he was succeeded by Rev. G. F. Hopkins, now of the North Dakota Conference. Three years later this missionary was compelled by the decline of his wife's health to seek a change from this isolated appointment. In 1888 he was succeeded by Rev. A. N. Miller, who in four years likewise found a change made necessary by the condition of his wife's health, which had been affected by the frequent shocks of earthquake, to which the islands are subject, as well as by the isolation of the

SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

place, and the nervous strain attendant on such work. An interim of a year followed, during part of which a lay teacher, Mr. S. Lazier, supplied the work, until the arrival of the present missionary and his wife in June of 1893.

At the time of the opening of the mission at Skidegate there were two outlying villages which have since ceased to have independent existence. Some six miles farther up the inlet was Gold Harbour, with about seventy people; while forty miles down the eastern coast the people of Clue, of about the same number, had built for themselves a new village on Gumshewa Inlet. The people of Gold Harbour at once petitioned for a teacher. Gedanst, now baptized Amos Russ, had, on the coming of the missionary to Skidegate, at once applied himself with characteristic energy to the acquirement of a rudimentary knowledge of written English and numbers. In about a year he was sent to impart what knowledge he had gained to the people of Gold Harbour, until succeeded by a native Tsimpshean teacher, George Edgar, since ordained. The Clue people were now clamouring for attention, and on his return from Gold Harbour Gedanst was sent to them. Later, he was followed by another Indian from Skidegate, until finally a white lay teacher was sent to them in 1890.

In 1893 the people of Gold Harbour moved to Skidegate in a body, to be followed four years later by the Clue people. The serious undertaking of moving their lumber in their boats and canoes over forty miles of exposed water was safely accomplished. Thus the mission was consolidated into one village, and a considerable saving to the Missionary Society effected.

The contrast between the former condition of the people and the present seems almost incredible. Who would have dared to predict at the coming of the first missionary to Skidegate that in but nineteen years the three antagonistic heathen villages would be peacefully united in one Christian community, with their own municipal council directing public affairs and administering laws for the maintenance of public morality, and in every way capable of a most favourable comparison with any community of our own race similarly deprived of educational advantages? Yet such are the facts. In the light of to-day it is more than amusing, it is inspiring, to read the prophecies of Mr. Francis Poole, C.E., drawn from his experience with the Haidas thirty-eight years ago. He says:

> "When the telegraph does come to Queen Charlotte, Chief Clue will be the first to clip just one little bit of the wire, which crime, if not punished on the instant, will lead to a general robbery of the telegraphic apparatus. The Indians will be sure to want to cut the wire all up to make fish-hooks, fasteners, and rings for their own ears, or their women's noses and underlips. . . .
>
> "To effect a solid and permanent reform in these savages it is absolutely necessary to enlist the sympathies of the heart as well as the head. . . To reform them . . . will be a work involving prolonged time, formidable labour, and tried patience. . . . The Queen Charlotte Islander needs conversion, if ever savage needed it, but, to use a maxim of the great Lord Stafford, 'less than thorough will not do it for him.'"

The telegraph has not yet come to Queen Charlotte, but should it come it will be safe from the depredations of Chief Clue and his friends. We have a body of native constabulary quite capable of safeguarding it from any evil designs of the Indians. Nor are they likely to require the wire for nose or lip ornaments. Nor yet do nineteen years seem a "prolonged time" for the redemption of a race from heathenism to Christianity, and from utter helplessness to productive independence. What labour should seem "formidable," or what difficulty great enough to try our patience in view of such an end?

In matters of local government our community has availed itself of the special provisions of the Indian Advancement Act. A council of seven "good men and true" looks after such public affairs as the maintenance of the streets by statute labour, the control of the village police, the allotment of building sites, the guarding against fire, and the enforcement of by-laws against breaches of the peace and other moral misdemeanours by the infliction of fines up to a limit of thirty dollars.

In commercial enterprise, the native limited joint-stock company, incorporated under the title "Skidegate Oil and Trading Company," opens for the people a field for independent labour in the manufacture of dog-fish oil and the canning of clams, which has thus far proved very remunerative. Besides their general store at the village, carrying usually from $1,500 to $2,500 worth of stock, they have, a little farther along the beach, an excellent plant for the manufacture of oil. A substantial and well finished wharf runs out on piles some three hundred feet to deep water. The main building, forty by sixty feet, contains in one part the two huge retorts, refining and storage tanks, and steam hoist and car used in the process of refining the oil; while in another part are the crates, racks, hand-soldering machines, and other apparatus for canning clams. At the rear is the boiler and wood-sheds, the little blacksmith shop with its outfit, the water tank with its half-mile-long flume, and three snug cabins for the accommodation of the employees.

All the work in connection with the erection and fixing of the plant the Indians did themselves, and they are now practically free of debt. Last year they put out about nineteen thousand gallons of first-class dog-fish oil, and some clams which they canned during the winter. Besides the direct profit from the products, the Indians, thus independent, are able to secure fair rates for their labours as fishermen, which could not otherwise be the case. Nearly all the men and a number of women are shareholders in the company, and naturally feel a commendable pride in the enterprise.

To their comfortable dwelling-houses brief reference has already been made. Many of the exteriors are painted; most have been at some time, though some are now free enough from any trace of such experience. The interior is in most cases partitioned into rooms, the woodwork neatly finished, the walls usually either papered or painted. In matters of dress, not only has the old blanket been abandoned, but the next stage of advancement, gaudy colours and outrageous combinations, has given place to quiet colours and general good taste. Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person prevail.

Perhaps enough has already been said to indicate that the Haidas are by no means a lazy people. The dog-fish season keeps the men employed from the middle of April to the last of October, with a break of two months, June and July, for the salmon canning season, during which many men and women cross to the Skeena River with the hope of increasing their gains. After the close of the dog-fishing, the salmon and halibut must be prepared for winter consumption, the men meanwhile hunting and trapping. The three winter months, with occasional breaks for halibut-fishing, are spent in providing firewood, cutting cordwood, making canoes and boats, building and completing odd jobs which accumulate during the year.

A number of the men spend the winter in carving from black slate or wood small models of totem poles, pipes, or figures of men and animals which they sell to curio dealers at a fair rate. The stone carving especially commands a sure market, as only at this place is such work done. Still others convert gold and silver coins and ivory tusks into attractive bits of jewelry, ear-rings, finger-rings, brooches, bracelets, napkin-rings, sugar ladles and butter knives, artistically engraved, which bring a good profit. In the early spring the best pelts are to be obtained, and the people scatter again to their hunting camps for a short time before the fishing season opens.

In considering the condition of the people in these matters, their industry, cleanliness, general uprightness, morality, and self-respect, one cannot but recognize some power at work "enlisting the sympathies of the heart as well as the head," and such power can be found only in the Gospel of Christ, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

Mission Work.

The direct teaching of the Gospel, expounding it in the public services, instilling its principles into youthful minds in the Sunday-school, or translating and discussing it in the quiet of the missionary's study, is always made the first principle of missionary effort. But to make it effective, its application to the needs of everyday life must not be neglected, and this occupies a great portion of the time. Drawing an aching tooth, or binding up a fractured limb, where no better medical aid can be had, is a practical application of gospel principles which appeals at once to the dullest

understanding, and much must be done in this way. But even the small opportunities of helpfulness are by no means to be despised. "Become all things to all men that by all means we may save some" is the necessary daily exposition of the Sunday morning's text, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

A most helpful and encouraging feature of the direct church work is the ready and capable assistance given in the many public services by the large staff of local preachers and exhorters. Some of them are most effective speakers, and their assistance to the missionary is invaluable. Especially during the larger portion of the year, when the people are scattered at their various hunting and fishing camps, do these local brethren render good service when it is impossible for the missionary to be with them constantly. A local preacher who would permit a Sunday to pass without calling together the people of the camp for worship would be considered unworthy of his license. An Epworth League, with a membership of about sixty, greatly assists in the work, conducting open-air and indoor services at least twice each week while the people are at home. From this we must look to a time, which we think to be by no means distant, when these people, under efficient supervision, will be able to manage their own mission.

The School.

No reference has thus far been made to the school and the teachers, who have always been most faithful workers on the mission, not because they have been forgotten, but because their very important work deserves especial notice. In 1894 Miss K. H. Ross was appointed to the charge of the Skidegate mission school, where for three years she did faithful, earnest work. In the fall of 1897 she was succeeded by Miss V. M. Lawson, who continued her devoted labour until compelled by declining health in the summer of 1901 to regretfully resign her charge. Her successor, Miss S. M. Stevenson, is earnestly endeavouring, while instructing in secular knowledge, to impart principles of truth and righteousness, which alone will make that knowledge a real blessing.

Our great hope is in the younger people who, growing up in purer surroundings, and with knowledge with which to combat superstitions, will be comparatively free from those evil influences which, once established, leave an ineradicable trace on the character. The children are bright, some of them remarkably so, the average of intelligence being quite as high as in the ordinary white school. In some subjects, especially those depending on powers of imitation and memory, they excel, while in the others they are by no means backward. But the success of the school is hindered, and its influence for good greatly counteracted, by the wandering life of the people taking the children away for so much of the time.

To meet this, we need a small "home" established for the care of the children during the time their people are necessarily absent from the village in the fishing and hunting seasons.

Our children would then have the full advantage of the school while being partly shielded from the unfavourable influences of their own homes. The moral influence of the institution, seconding, not counteracting, that of the school, would become a strong force in the formation of character. A knowledge of English, opening up a world of inspiring literature, would become a practical possibility. Finally, our children would remain at home, and not, as is now sometimes the case, become alienated

from our Society by being sent to institutions outside of our influence. Even when sent to distant "homes" of our own denomination, after a number of years they return to their people with their sympathies utterly alienated from the old life, and unprepared for taking it up again among them. For all these reasons we keenly feel the need of such an institution, and trust the need may be shortly met.

What Then?

It remains for the reader to say whether in all this we have made out anything to justify our work. The questions in logical order ought to run:

Have the Indians any need of salvation?

Are they worth saving?

Is mission work instrumental in saving them?

What is your relation to mission work?

Can you as a Christian be indifferent?

If not indifferent, what to these people is the working value of your interest?

Does it lead you to pray earnestly and regularly for their salvation?

Does it lead you to study their condition, that your prayers may be intelligent?

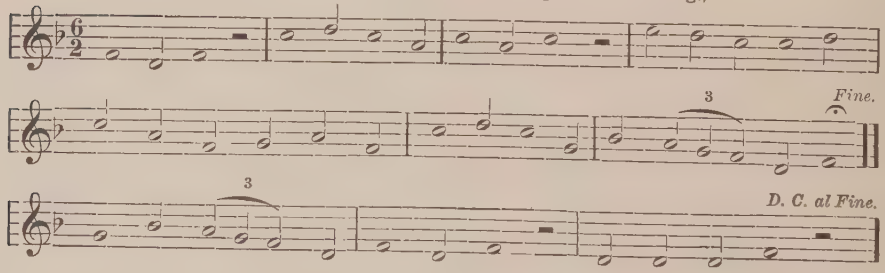
Does it lead you to give, to the point of feeling it, that your prayers may be effectual?

"This I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment."

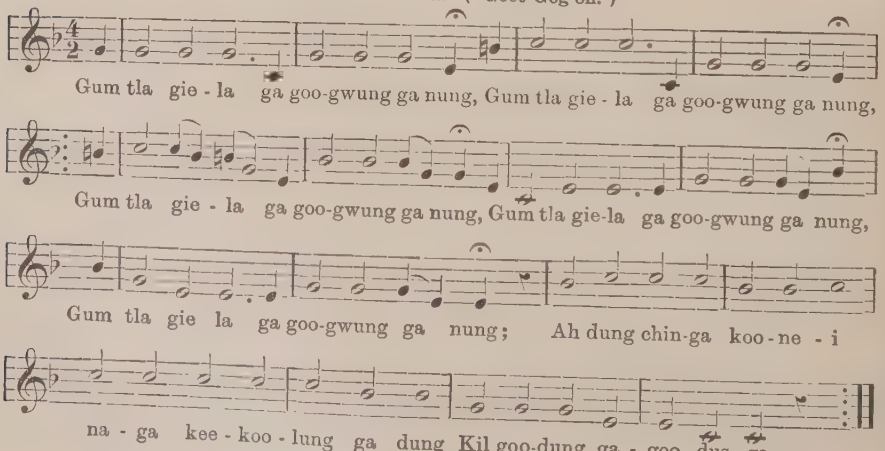
"Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified, even as also it is with you."

HAIDA MUSIC.

DANCING SONG. ("Ska-lung How-il-ga"—Sweet Song.)



LULLABY SONG. ("Geet Gog-on.")


Gum tla gie - la ga goo-gwung ga nung, Gum tla gie - la ga goo-gwung ga nung,
Gum tla gie - la ga goo-gwung ga nung, Gum tla gie-la ga goo-gwung ga nung,
Gum tla gie la ga goo-gwung ga nung; Ah dung chin-ga koo - ne - i
na - ga kee - koo - lung ga dung Kil goo-dung ga - goo - dus - ga.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.*

BY JOHN LAURENCE.

THERE are two articles in The Methodist Magazine of April, 1902, one written by Ruth Shaffner, on "Civilizing the American Indians," the other by Rev. T. Ferrier, on "The Canadian Indian—His Present Occupation and Future Prospects." In the opinion of the writer both of those articles strike the nail on the head. Of course, of the adjoining American nation I cannot speak, but of our own Canadian country, I think I am prepared to say, the Indian Reserve policy is the bane, indeed I feel I might almost say the curse, of many Indian tribes. Of course the running of the machine, the Indian Department, is doing a great deal for a number of white men. By referring to the Canadian Almanac of 1902, page 249, we see that, apart from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs and his deputy, all the salaries paid by the Department of Indian affairs amount to $34,950 annually. We ask for what? Of course the reply will be, For keeping Indians on their reserves, and taking care of them, lest they mix up with the whites around them.

In addition to these, there is a host of Indian agents, some in every Province in the Dominion, none of whom, it is presumed, work for nothing. See what a benefit this must be to those white men who draw annually from $100.00 up to $2,250 each; and all this to keep the Indians by themselves.

Now, as the writer in one of the articles mentioned above says: "Why not compel all the Germans, Swedes, Poles, Russians, and other nationalities coming to our country to live in communities by themselves." Why permit Chinamen to find their way to almost every town and city in our Dominion and live amongst other people? And if Germans, Swedes, Poles, Russians, Icelanders, and Chinese can settle where they wish, or can get an opening for work, why keep Indians cooped up on reserves? Is it to keep them from mixing with their white neighbours by intermarriages? If so, as far as the mixing up of the races is concerned, any one with half an eye can see it is a complete failure. I have lived for fourteen years on Indian reserves both as teacher and missionary, and I am sure that observation can lead any person who observes to see that the Indian blood is becoming amalgamated with the white, if not by legitimate marriages, then by another process. This fact proves one

* The writer of this article has had many years' experience as a teacher and missionary among the Canadian Indians. We present his article as a contribution to the discussion of the Indian Question. The following note on this subject from the *Missionary Outlook* shows the opinions held by those best qualified to judge.—ED.

Indian Commissioner Laird has received, among several monthly reports from the agencies, a splendid one from the agent at Oak River. The band there are Sioux, composed of 316 Indians. They have raised 15,000 bushels of wheat, 1,189 bushels of potatoes, 229 of corn, 192 of turnips, 709 tons of hay, 555 tons of straw from wheat and oats, and 1,257 bushels of oats. One of the Indians, who went in for dairying and poultry raising, sold 100 dozen of eggs, and from three cows sold about 180 pounds of butter to the stores' department there. The Indians have ploughed 494 acres of land, of which 43 is new breaking, 391 summer-fallow, and 160 acres fall ploughing. The foregoing report is for 1901, and speaks well for the industry of the Oak River Indians. To give these wards of the Government responsibilities, and let them reach majority with its duties and obligations, just so soon will a new era of prosperity dawn on this race, and not before.

point, viz., To keep the white and Indian blood apart in Canada is something that is not done, any more than the white and negro blood is kept apart in the Southern States.

We say again, why coop up the Indian on pieces of land called Indian reserves. The negroes who came out of slavery under Lincoln's pen and Grant's sword were not so treated. They were permitted to go whither they would. Our Government does not group them together and place agents over them. Then if any of them, like Booker Washington, can rise in social status so as to receive an invitation to dine with the President, he can do so. Why not give the Indian an equal chance? The reserve ration and annuity systems will pauperize the Indians as long as they are continued. Of course it will feed bountifully the long list of officials and semi-officials at Ottawa, but that is not elevating the Indian. As the Rev. Mr. Ferrier says, "Give rations to the aged, helpless, and infirm," but let able-bodied men earn their bread by the sweat of their brow like their white neighbours, then when they do that give them all the advantages which the white man has as soon as they are able to fill the positions connected with the same. Let every Indian in our Dominion have an opportunity to get into our Provincial and Dominion Legislatures as soon as he is fit to go there. If they enjoy this privilege perhaps, like Joseph Arch getting into the British House of Commons, some of them may get there sooner than their white neighbours may imagine.

In a word, it is time that this reserve and annuity system with many tribes of Indians should be abolished. There are hundreds of white people in our Dominion without farms or homes of their own, while there are very many Indians who have, on their reserves, beautiful houses, well cultivated farms, which are well worked by means of the most improved plows, harrows, cultivators, and seeders, who own the very best of mowers, self-binding reapers, threshing machines, etc., and whose farm-yards are stocked with the best breeds of horses and cattle, and their houses supplied with costly organs and pianos. Why not give such men a deed of their land in fee simple, tell them that they can be candidates for any position in our Dominion which they can reach.

I know that in the Advanced Indian Act there is provision made for individual enfranchisement of perhaps one man at a time, but individual Indians will not take advantage of that very much. One here and there, like an Oronhyatekha, may do so. Others will not, because their annuity reserve system has pauperized them in their feelings, and they do not want to give up the thought of looking forward to the payment of from $1.50 to $5.00 a quarter.

What, then, is the solution of the problem? Tell them that henceforth they are not to be paupers, but men. Take every band, as they come up to a certain standard, and merge them in with the municipality in which such reserve is situated. Give them the opportunity to run for school trustees, councilmen, reeve, township clerk or assessor. This will lead them to feel that, instead of being nobody they are somebody. Their manhood will be acknowledged. The law will then compel them to pay their debts as it does other men, which it does not do now, this being no doubt one of the reasons why many of them prefer being in a state of tutelage to being in a state of citizenship. This old state of things having become a thing of the past, the Indian will feel himself on a par with other men. By rapid de-

grees he will rise to be a man. His energy, push, and independence will be developed. Surely it is time that the Indian had a chance. He ought to be able to get along beside the Negro and the Chinaman. His musical talent will compete favourably with any of the negro minstrels. He can come well up to the white man in instrumental music, as the ability shown in the numerous brass bands organized on the different reserves now show. Then give him a chance. It is time he had it. Take off his swaddling clothes and let him walk alone. When he falls, let him climb again to his feet, or let one of his fellows help him up. It is time he came to his majority, and not always continue a minor in the eye of our Canadian law.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY R. V. CLEMENT.

Is yonder felon in his close-barred cell,
Who, ere another day fade in the west,
Must meet a murd'rer's doom, yet sleeps as well
As when, a child, he lay on mother's breast—
Is he, then, Thy beloved, Lord?

Is yonder smiling fiend, who traffic plies
In souls of men enslaved, whose appetite
He tempts, inflames, but never satisfies—
Their ruin his gain—yet deep his sleep by night—
Is he, then, Thy beloved, Lord?

Is yonder votary of mammon's might,
Whose wealth is coined from white slaves' bloody sweat,
Who climbs by others' ruin his sordid height,
Yet sleeps by no disturbing dreams beset—
Is he, then, Thy beloved, Lord?

Is yonder despot on Imperial throne
Whose sway is based on sighs, beneath whose frown,
Ne'er banished but by blood, his subjects groan,
Yet sweet his slumber on his bed of down—
Is he, then, Thy beloved, Lord?

Is yonder slave of toil, to whom the day
Upon its leaden wings no respite bears,
Who all his vows to God and man doth pay,
Yet shares his restless couch with brooding cares—
Is he *not* Thy beloved, Lord?

Is yonder weary, pain-racked sufferer,
Whose lips no murmuring sigh escapes to grieve
The God he loves and trusts, tho' sleep defer
With gentle touch his suffering to relieve—
Is he *not* Thy beloved, Lord?

To murd'rer, despot, to oppressor fell,
To him who profits by his brother's fall
Comes, as to those who trust Thee, serve Thee well,
The sleep of death, the common lot of all—
Who then is thy beloved, Lord?

And when the pillars of the earth shall shake,
And the last trump its clarion note shall sound
Mid crashing worlds, the dead shall *all awake*,
Summoned to judgment from their sleep profound—
Who then is Thy beloved, Lord?

We know not whether here shall fall this sleep,
Or in some happier clime, some milder air;
We only know, tho' now we can but weep,
And trust, and wait, some time 'twill fall, somewhere,
Sweetly refreshing Thy beloved, Lord!

Blairmore, Alta., N.W.T.

THE VALUE OF NATURE STUDY IN EDUCATION.

BY JAMES FLETCHER, LL.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.C.*

IT is not my purpose on this occasion to present a plea that more attention should be devoted to natural history studies by those entrusted with the education of the youth of Canada, for I am thankful to say that the educators of every Province of the Dominion have already shown that they appreciate keenly the value of these studies as an integral and effective part of a practical education. In Manitoba and the Northwest Territories remarkable results are now very apparent in the improved condition of the whole country, as a direct outcome of the simple instructions on plant life, illustrated by common plants, which have been given in the rural schools for the last four or five years, in connection with the vigorous campaigns which are being annually waged against noxious weeds.

My appeal is rather to the educated classes of Canada, amongst whom it must be acknowledged there is an appalling and unnecessary ignorance concerning many useful branches of knowledge, some information upon which would make them far better citizens and more efficient competitors in whatever branch of work they may have adopted as a means of obtaining a livelihood ; for there is no profession, trade or occupation in which definite exact knowledge is not daily required with regard to subjects a consideration of which comes within the scope of some branch of natural science.

There is no more remarkable development in the history of the science of education than that which has lately taken place with regard to Nature Study, the object of which is to educate in its true meaning—*i.e.*, draw forth and cultivate the faculties of youth—by means of the innumerable common objects of nature which surround us on every side, and are always at hand to teach their own lessons.

During the last half decade there has been a most decided awakening on this subject ; years ago many of the public schools of England had their natural history societies ; the universities of the Old World and here all have their professors of various branches of biology, all of whom have done and are doing grand work ; but that is not Nature Study.

Nature Study, to be successful and to take its most useful place in education, must deal with the beginnings of things, and is for young people—they cannot be too young. It is particularly suitable for the lowest grades of scholars, but commends itself equally to the more advanced. It is essentially kindergarten work, and kindergarten work is essentially Nature Study. The imaginary objection to the wider adoption of this study has sometimes been raised that there are neither text-books prepared nor a staff of trained teachers sufficiently equipped with special knowledge to undertake its direction. In reply, I claim that no written text-books are necessary, and no special advanced training is required in the

* A paper read before the Royal Society of Canada, May 23rd, 1901.

teacher. An elementary knowledge, coupled with a love for nature and an appreciation of general principles will at first suffice. Frequent opportunities for increasing this knowledge will be provided while directing the students. These latter must be made to feel the humility of the teacher when investigating the vast field of nature ; above all, to inspire confidence and call forth original mental effort, the superior knowledge of the teacher must be kept in the background ; freest and fullest discussion must be allowed and encouraged. No dogmatic dictum must be uttered, which cannot be proved by demonstration. A modest acknowledgment that the teacher does not know, coupled with an invitation to a student to investigate a matter together with the teacher, will, I feel sure, do more to stimulate effort than any help in the shape of unearned information which the student should have been able to work out for himself from the objects examined.

Objects for study abound without stint in all places and at all seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn or winter, it is all the same—for Nature itself is the book, and every commonest object inside the school and out is a text for a sermon—the very wood of the schoolroom floor, of the desks, of the furniture, the chalk used on the blackboard, even the speck of dust floating in the sunbeam, the light itself ; outside, the drop of rain, the flake of snow, a stick, a straw, a stone, a fallen leaf, a twig of any tree, a winter bud or a piece of bark, a bird, a beetle or a butterfly, a frog, a snake, or even a toad. Everything is worthy of study from many points of view, and has a multitude of mental uses and direct lessons to teach.

The scope of Nature Study should as much as possible be confined to the simple elements of knowledge. It should not be taught to the scholar by the teacher, but studied by the teacher with the scholar, the teacher merely using his or her superior knowledge and experience in directing and encouraging the scholars to strive to learn for themselves and from all things which come before them,—in a word, to be self-dependent and not to trust too much to what they find in books written by others, but to examine and consider everything for themselves.

There is beauty in everything, but to what an enormous extent is that beauty hidden from human eyes ! How many of us go through the world with our eyes open but seeing nothing, because the scales are still before our eyes and we have not yet learned how to look for and to see the beauty illimitable which is waiting to be revealed ! Nature Study properly directed will teach us to want to see and to want to know about the thousand and one useful things which many people have not yet learnt that there is any use in even wanting to know about. But seeing is not all that Nature Study will teach ; for, by natural sequence, the mind will be stimulated and instinctively strive to arrive at accurate conclusions, which, being founded on personal observations, will be held intelligently and with confidence.

Another objection which has sometimes been advanced, particularly by teachers who have not as yet taken part in this latest development of education, is that the curriculum of studies is now so full that there is no time for anything more. This objection is quite natural, for there is frequently danger in making a change ; but we know that all progress is change ; and, in the case of Nature Study, if it is systematically undertaken, a very short time every day, ten or fifteen minutes taken from the school time, will suffice. It is no

violent change that is suggested which would upset the old edifice of mental training, but, on the contrary, is a happy blending of recreation with the existing system of studies, by which the latter will be strengthened.

Nature Study has much to commend it from an educational point of view. In education, no advance can be made until an interest is aroused in the subject taught, and Nature Study, above all things, stimulates mental activity. Its very essence is a spirit of enquiry and a desire for knowledge—to want to know about everything seen, what it is, why it is there, how it got there, what are its uses. A thirst for knowledge is an instinct in every healthy mind, an instinct, too, which can be cultivated and developed to a wonderful extent, but also one which, if neglected, will soon fade and die. There is no pleasure in life to compare with that of acquiring knowledge and imparting it to others. The true and good teacher is that one whose ambition is not only to teach all he knows to his scholars, but to do that and leave them with minds fitted to soar to even greater heights of knowledge than he himself has ever attained. The best of teachers is that one who fits his pupils to rise highest above his own standard.

Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of Nature Study in education is that bond of sympathy which it creates between the teacher and the taught. The so-called "bad boy," of which there are supposed to be so many, might, as a rule, more accurately be described as a misunderstood or badly-managed boy. This so-called "bad boy" is nearly always of a restless, active, inquiring disposition, who cannot keep still or concentrate his thoughts on the routine work of the school-room. This simply means his interest has not been aroused in that work. Perhaps his badness may show itself in playing truant; however, even this may not be from badness, but is merely an indication that there is something of more attractive interest outside the school than in it.

Each boy has his own individuality, and lucky is the boy and happy is the teacher when the latter can detect the weak and strong points of the boy, and make use of them in moulding the character of the future man. Natural objects are, I believe, attractive to all of us when we are young, and a desire for knowledge about them may, I think, be developed in almost everyone into a passion. How fortunate is the child who, during the inquiring age, when it first begins to see and think for itself, and when everything is new and strange, is associated with a wise preceptor who will have patience enough to answer the many earnest questions asked, instead of, as is often the case with some people, selfishly for their own convenience, checking inquiry! Many children, however, are not so fortunately surrounded in their early associations as the first-named class and have much to learn in after life.

There is so much, indeed, in the extensive wonderland of nature, which is new and strange and beautiful, that it gives many more opportunities for the teacher to catch the attention of an active and therefore observant pupil, than any other subject included in the course of ordinary school study. The attention once caught and rightly directed, nature herself does the rest; a constantly changing panorama of endless interest is presented. Beauty undreamt of is seen in the commonest objects, which before may have been deemed without interest, or even repellant. What wonders can everywhere be found with a magnifying glass, that magic mirror which brings to light innumerable treasures in places least expected!

The perfection of structure and endless variety almost overwhelm us, and these exist in every part of the kingdom of nature. Very soon the restless spirit finds more than enough to occupy it; the fact that knowledge is a common possession is borne in on him, and a mutual fellowship and sympathy springs up between him and the good friend who has shown him the way and led, not driven, him into this paradise. The desire for knowledge, once created, soon spreads to all other branches of study, and the habit of concentration of thought will be of use in every transaction of after life.

Not only is Nature Study useful in training and strengthening the mind to act for itself, but, more than any other part of the framework which supports the educational edifice, it becomes a permanent support of the completed structure. The uses of this knowledge are so manifest that Nature Study must take its place as the common-sense method of education ; and it is at the same time the common-sense basis of the two great and most important occupations of the masses—Agriculture and Horticulture ; these pursuits, having to deal with the care and nutrition of plants and animals, are founded on subjects all of which come within the limits of natural science, a preliminary knowledge of which is Nature Study. A farmer possessed of an elementary knowledge of geology knows by it the composition of his soil and its suitability for the cultivation of various crops. From zoology he learns much which will help him in the rearing, development and care of his stock ; this also teaches him which of the common birds, mammals, insects, and fishes are his friends, and which his enemies. Who can deny that, as a rule, he has much to learn in this direction ? Botany teaches him the nature of the plants he grows, and indicates how varieties may be preserved and improved. Chemistry proves to him the value of every crop produced, whether as food or as an ameliorator of the soil.

Although in this *cui bono* age the material aspect of every question has always to be calculated with, there is another feature of these studies which ranks high in importance, namely, the actual pleasure which is to be derived from them. What pleasure can compare with that of recognizing the indications of returning spring, so long and anxiously looked for during the cold solitude of winter ? The hearing of the cheery shore-lark's song in bleak and blustery March is the first unit in the glorious annual procession of the seasons. This is soon followed, as the power of the sun increases, by the colouring of the bark on the twigs of shrubs and trees, the happy songs of the returning birds, the opening of the flowers, each in its season and in its own special habitat, accompanied by the reviving of the army of their busy humming insect allies, which, when seeking their own nourishment, play such an important part as the chief means of securing the cross-fertilization of flowers and the perpetuation of many plants.

This procession, beginning slowly at first and easily noted, before long unfolds its variegated pageant with ever quickening steps, soon to rush by so quickly in its race as to defy the powers of the quickest observer, to note the constant changes in the crowded members of its alternately widening and diminishing train,—birds, plants, mammals, insects, all animated life. Each one has distinctive habits, corresponding with the seasons, and every group is worthy of the closest study ; there is nothing that does not provide a source of elevating pleasure and a rich field in which the humblest observer may reap scientific laurels.

Many of the smaller wild birds, if treated as friends, will soon learn to trust us, lose their fear, and respond to our advances. Some, as the wren, the swallow, the American robin, the chipping sparrow, will build their nests close to our houses, and will even make use of suitable sites which have been provided for them. Here they may be observed at leisure, and will teach us many things which will constantly delight and surprise us. A study of the lives and habits of the myriad hosts of insects will show us perhaps more than anything else the gigantic ends which are attainable by persistent, constantly applied effort, and by apparently inadequate means. An examination of the structure of any part of the least of these will direct our thoughts and reveal to our wondering eyes the universal perfection to be found in all creation.

The benefits which can be drawn from Nature Study may be summarized as followed :

From the teacher's standpoint.

Sympathy with his pupils, and an exhaustless supply of material always available to maintain this bond, such as no other study gives.

New fields of personal and fascinating research of a useful and healthful character.

From the pupil's standpoint.

1. Interest in studies. The attractive and novel nature of the objects observed catches the attention and induces studious habits, which soon extend to all other studies and promote perseverance.

2. Increased power of observation. With practice the faculties of observation and comparison are wonderfully developed, and, with this, greater reasoning powers are evolved.

3. System. The wonderful system everywhere manifested must induce systematic and orderly habits —finishing completely everything undertaken, and having a place for everything and keeping it there.

4. Neatness. The beauty of neatness will be constantly apparent in natural objects, and its value brought out later on by the necessity of making constant notes, which will be useless for future reference unless legibly and neatly written. The advantage of neatness will also be demonstrated and skill of hand developed in mounting, classifying, and arranging numerous specimens, should collections be made.

5. Patience. There is nothing more necessary for effective work in nature than patience ; indeed, it is so indispensable when studying living animals, that little progress can be made without it ; the development of this virtue, then, is a natural and unconscious outcome of this work.

6. Literary value. A point which must not be forgotten in this connection is the care necessary in expressing all records in concise, definite and simple language, so that there may be no danger of doubt or misunderstanding. This gives these studies much value in education.

7. Increase of knowledge. By an intelligent consideration of the commonest objects which surround us, we derive an unexpected and most useful increase in our practical knowledge of the things which make up the world we live in, and at the same time find in that knowledge a source of pure pleasure not provided by any other course of study.

8. Kindness. Nature Study introduces us to many friends among the wild birds, animals and insects which we should never have appreciated as such but for its power in having removed some part of the dense cloak of ignorance by which most of these are hidden. These fellow creatures are thus more

kindly treated, as they deserve to be, and we are enormously benefitted.

9. Truthfulness. The uniformity of habit to be found in all the individuals of every living species of plant or animal safeguards accuracy in recording observations. Any departure from truth, unconscious or otherwise, is sure to be detected by those better informed, or to be exposed by subsequent investigators. Added to this, the great mass of unrecorded facts in connection with almost every branch of study demands the greatest care in seeing and in recording every observation precisely as it appeared to the investigator. This cannot but foster habits which must produce that greatest of all virtues—strict truthfulness.

10. Healthful recreation. As a source of healthful recreation both for the teacher and the scholar, the advantages of examining and studying natural objects are at once apparent. Students who have had their attention strained by abstract teaching, will find a welcome relaxation in observing things coming under their senses, and as the natural place to examine these objects is where they occur in a state of nature, the student is led away from the school and his books into the open air of the fields and woods.

There is, moreover, another side to this picture, viz., the æsthetic and moral use of these studies, which bring before us only what is always true and perfect, and which can produce nothing but reverence for the great Author of all things. How beautifully has the poet Longfellow expressed some of the ideas I have tried to lay before you in the verse—

> "Nothing useless is or low:
> Each thing in its place is best,
> And what seems but idle show
> Strengthens and confirms the rest!"

"The rest"—ah, what is that "rest," and how full of meaning is that one word, perhaps there almost accidentally used? That rest is the charming field, exquisite in detail, which forms the magnificent panoply of nature around us, and which belongs to all, to you, to me, and to every one who will enjoy it. Mother Nature is no hard mistress. She gives but one command before delivering up the free title-deeds to this rich domain, imposes but one condition: "Look and see, study and understand." That rest of creation referred to by the poet is partially revealed by what strikes the eye when we look across the broad landscape of nature, stretched around us with lavish hand, which appeals to our senses and calls forth our best instincts, be it in dewy, happy spring, when all is fresh and young with the vigour, hopefulness, and ambition of youth; in summer, when all things are maturer grown and with brighter hopes of the autumn fruitage, or even in winter, with changing moods of quiet restfulness or fierce tempestuous rage. Nature is always changing, but yet is always the same, and full of interest at every season. Everything is indeed best as it is, and the more we strive to unlock its sealed door with the golden key of knowledge, the happier we shall be, and the more useful will our lives have been.

In nature, until interfered with, all things are perfect, all things are fitted exactly to the ends they have to serve. Perfect method, perfect harmony, an all-prevailing principle of absolute perfection, there to be found and nowhere else. Well, then, may those entrusted with the education of others turn to these natural models to inculcate those principles so necessary in developing the mind. Alertness to observe, coupled with an increasing power to think and draw the right conclusions from things seen, a keen appreciation of the absolute necessity of the strictest accuracy in record-

ing, noting only what is actually seen, whether understood or not, or even whether at the time thought to be of value or not. All knowledge, if it really is knowledge, that is, an accurate observation, will at some time be useful either for ourselves or some one else. All in nature is so systematic and neat that the ardent student is led to see the value of these virtues in all his work, and habits so acquired will remain for a lifetime.

Thus I claim that Nature Study gives all that education demands. It is an open book written in plain characters which become plainer the more we study it, with volume after volume in infinite number, each one the close sequel of the last, free to every one who will read, absolutely reliable, liberally giving more than credit due to all its readers, as though they had originated, and not merely read off, the plain record of their discoveries. These studies enlighten constantly and give capacity for helping others and making them happy, because everything seen is true, everything is perfect, everything is useful.

Nature is all-pervading, has no landmarks, no limits, is the free possession of all. How natural it seems for thinking mankind, when tired and weary of the things of this life and contact with other men, to go out into nature, to find in the leafy woods, on the rolling mead, or by the flowing stream, the quiet and peace so needful! There, all can understand and know and see that everything in its place is best and does strengthen and confirm the rest. With all reverence I say it, thank God, we have that rest, the free and beautiful world of nature, where all can go and find true rest.

THE END OF THE QUEST.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.*

Unarm him here. Now wish him rest.
His was the fate of those who fail;
Who never end the knightly quest,
Nor ever find the Holy Grail.

He was the fieriest lance in all
That virgin honour called to dare;
The courtliest of the knights in hall,
The boldest at the barrière.

Joyful he took the sacred Task
That led him far by flood and field;
His lady's favour at his casque,
God's cross upon his argent shield.

See where the Paynim point has cleft
The crimson cross that could not save!
See where the scimitar has reft
The favour that his lady gave!

For this poor fate he rode so far
With faith untouched by toil or time;
A perfect knight in press of war,
Stainless before the Mystic Shrine.

One finds the Rose and one the Rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail.
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the Grail.

The single eye, the steadfast heart,
The strong endurance of the day,
The patience under wound and smart—
Shall all these utterly decay?

The long adventure resteth here;
His was the lot of those who fail,
Who ride unfouled by sin or fear,
Yet never find the Holy Grail.

—*September Atlantic.*

*Mr. Pollock is an accomplished young Canadian.

The Man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and by honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY HERO AND MARTYR.*

DR. WILLIAM JAMES HALL.

WE are proud of this noble young Canadian who ended his hero life at the early age of thirty-four and left a record which will be an inspiration for long years. The book is remarkable in its composite character. The different chapters are written by many missionary and other friends as a tribute to his memory, including his Canadian pastor, Rev. D. Winter, and Dr. Kilborn, of our mission in China.

* "The Life of Rev. William James Hall, M.D., Pioneer Missionary to the Pyong Yang, Korea." Edited by his wife, Rosetta Sherwood Hall, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 421. Price, $1.00 net.

MRS. DR. ROSETTA S. HALL AND CHILDREN.

Mr. Hall was born in Glen Buell, near Brockville. He was converted in the old stone schoolhouse of his native town. He was brought up on the farm, learned carpentering, went to the medical department of Queen's University, organized the first Y.M.C.A. in any medical college, became one of the first student volunteers in Canada, received training in Dr. Dowkontt's missionary school, New York, doing missionary work in the slums of the city.

Of these ministrations the Rev. Dr. Stone, of New York, writes as follows:

"Dr. Hall, the beloved physician, a brother born for adversity, went as an angel of light among the sick and dying in the densely packed districts of lower New York. His work was a romance of grace. Without money and without price he went at the call of any one, at any hour of the day or night, his delight being to relieve suffering and alleviate pain. None were too

MR. AND MRS. PAK—NATIVE KOREAN CHRISTIANS.

poor or vicious for him to serve. No cellar was too damp, no garret too high for him to visit. Among murderers, thieves, thugs, harpies of vice and crime, he went in his gentle, health-giving, Gospel ministry."

Dr. Hall himself exclaims: "O blessed work for Jesus! How wonderfully he pours his blessings upon us as we endeavour to obey his command, 'Preach the Gospel, heal the sick.' Praise God for the privilege of walking so closely in the footsteps of our Master. He sweetens the bitterest cup and smooths the roughest way. He comes nearest to those who most need his help. How much easier it is to find the entrance to the heart, when we show people in a practical way that we love them. I have had Jews and Roman Catholics take me by the hand, and lift it to their lips and plant the kiss of gratitude upon it."

He was assigned a Sunday-school class of two, and asked for more. "See how you get on with what you have," said the superintendent. He soon reported that he could manage one, but not both. Never was a more unselfish man. He would give the very bread out of his mouth to help another. He gave an older man his last five cents to pay his car fare and walked three and a half miles home himself. His life was one of constant privation. He cultivated literature on a little oatmeal; hadn't money to pay for his diploma till at the last moment it came in answer to prayer. He volunteered for our mission work in China, but by arrangement was sent by the Methodist Episcopal Church to Korea instead. He walked twenty-five miles from the port to the capital, and soon set out on a journey of seven hundred miles, visiting the interior, most of it on foot, sometimes forty miles a day, at times reduced to his last cent.

His missionary labours were remarkably successful. He writes :

"Last spring when I first visited Pyong Yang an edict was issued prohibiting the buying of our books. This fall I have sold over six hundred copies of Christian books without the slightest opposition. The people appear to be anxious to buy books and read. They are manifesting a deep interest in Christianity, and we are looking for glorious results."

The sight of a white man, and especially a white woman and child, was of remarkable interest to the native Koreans. The missionary writes as follows:

"Hundreds of women and children had gathered in the road and outside yard to see Mrs. Hall and baby. We arranged to let them in by tens to remain for five minutes. This worked well for a short time, but soon those behind became impatient, commenced to crowd, broke

A NATIVE SCHOOL IN KOREA.

down the gate, and soon the inside yard and the house were filled to overflowing. The only thing now to do was for Mrs. Hall to come outside with our little boy, where she saw yard after yard full, until over fifteen hundred women and children had been seen." But this passing popularity was soon followed by severe persecution. His faithful helper, Chank Si-key, was imprisoned, his feet were wedged in the stocks, causing intense pain.

"We were the only foreigners in a city of one hundred thousand heathen, and you can imagine our situation when I had to leave Mrs. Hall and little Sherwood alone and unprotected, as much of the time I was away at the prison or the telegraph office.

"I telegraphed the state of affairs to Dr. Scranton, Methodist missionary in Seoul, and he and Mr. Moffett carried the matter to the British and American legations, and soon the welcome message came over the wires: 'Legations will act at once.' No time was lost in Seoul. The missionaries and the legations acted with that characteristic zeal for which Britishers and Americans are noted. Soon there came a telegram from Mr. Gardner, British consul-general, and Mr. Sill, American minister resident, stating that they had insisted that the Foreign Office order the release of the men in prison at once, and our protection according to treaty. A telegram also came from Mr. Moffett, 'Joshua, first chapter, ninth verse.'* This was Thursday evening; that night our house was stoned and the wall torn down. We did not know the moment a mob might be upon us. Early Friday morning a servant of the governor's came and said the telegram from the king had been received,

KOREAN SOLDIERS.

but that it said we were bad people and to kill all the Christians. I went to the prison and this report was confirmed there. Our men had been removed to the death cell, the torturing continued; they expected to die, but would not give up Christ.

"We were ready to die for His cause. Grace had been given sufficient for every trial thus far, and we knew abundance would be given if it were required. My heart ached as I witnessed our faithful brothers in Christ suffering the extreme torture, such as had not been experienced here by Christians for twenty-eight years. At six o'clock, after thirty-six hours of torture in prison, threatened many times with death, all were sent for by the magistrate, beaten and discharged, but stoned all the way home. Chank Si-key was so badly injured it was with difficulty he reached home. I felt like sitting at his feet; such a faithful martyr for Jesus I had never before seen."

* "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for I the Lord thy God am with thee whithersoever thou goest."

During the war between China and Japan Dr. Hall served with devotion the wounded on both sides.

He describes the cowardice of Korean leaders as shameful:

"The flight from the palace was as precipitate as it was disgraceful. Yangbans of such exalted rank, once so inflated with their self-importance that they could hardly persuade themselves to treat their equals with civility or to mingle with them, now seized the rack—jiggy—of the first coolie that happened to be in their way, and as bearers of the filth and off-scouring of Korea, they sought egress from the palace and fled to the country or skulked in some dark hole in the city."

The Chinese army fled before the vigorous attack of the Japanese. "Among other things thrown away," says Dr. Hall, "by the fleeing Chinese were great numbers of fans and paper umbrellas. It is almost beyond the comprehension of a Westerner that a soldier should carry as part of his equipment a fan to cool his heated brow and a paper umbrella to shield his devoted head. The Chinese were armed with good guns, as the Krupp cannon and modern rifles among the trophies testify, but they were also loaded down with a lot of trumpery which was worse than useless in time of battle. The Chinese army was several hundred years behind the times. Is it any wonder that an army, unpatriotic, poorly drilled, and badly equipped, could make no stand against an opposing force smaller in number, but patriotic to a man, drilled almost to perfection, and armed with the best of modern implements of warfare? Several hundred men and horses, lying as they had fallen, made a swath of bodies nearly a quarter of a mile long and several yards wide."

Dr. Hall devoted himself with zeal to the ministration to the wounded Chinese, Koreans and Chinese alike. He was seized with typhus fever, and after four years' service in that difficult field was called home to heaven.

Dr. Hall was at one time under engagement to our Canadian Methodist Church to go out as a missionary to China, but by arrangement with the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board he was released and sent to Korea, where Dr. Sherwood, the lady who became his wife, had preceded him more than a year. This book contains many tributes to the memory of our Canadian martyr missionary, but none more generous than that of Bishop Mallalieu.

"Dr. Hall," he says, "was all aflame with a restless desire to leave the comparatively comfortable surrounding of the Mission Compound at Seoul, and make a way into the regions beyond, and preach the Gospel and heal the sick where these blessed ministers had not been known. Dr. Hall was a hero and a martyr—for he really gave his life, lost his own life as the result of ministries to the sick and wounded who were congregated in and about Pyong Yang during the war between Japan and China. The name of Dr. Hall will never die in the memory of the people of Korea. In years to come, when there will surely be hundreds of thousands of Christians in Korea, the name of this noble, saintly, Christ-like soul will be everywhere cherished and honoured."

"My life is but a working-day
Whose tasks are set aright;
A while to work, a while to pray,
And then a quiet night.

"And then, please God, a quiet night,
Where saints and angels walk in white;
Dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,
But reawaking on the morrow."

GIPSY SMITH.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.*

Yours heartily
Gipsy Smith

"A GIPSY encampment is the last place whence an evangelist might be expected to emerge. Almost alien to our civilization, with little education, with vices and limitations inherited from generations who were despised and suspected, and with the virtues of a foreign clan encamped on hostile ground, the gip-

* Like a voice from the other world is this earnest appeal of our lamented and life-long friend, the Rev. J. C. Seymour. Our readers must have been impressed with the growing earnestness and intensely practical and evangelistic character of Mr. Seymour's later contributions. He seems to have felt the words of Cecil Rhodes, "There is so much to do and so little time to do it." We trust every reader of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW will lay to heart these earnest and solemn teachings. We have also another article in hand from his pen.

sies have been all but overlooked by the churches, with one or two exceptions. But the story of this book* brings one more striking and welcome evidence that there are no hopeless classes in the view of the Gospel."

So Dr. Alexander Maclaren introduces us to Gipsy Smith, "A character," he declares, "of rare sweetness, goodness, simplicity, and godliness, and possessed of something of that strange attractiveness with which popular beliefs have endowed his race."

Rodney Smith was born in 1860, in the parish of Wanstead, England. We will let him tell his own story :

"Eighty out of every hundred gipsies have Bible names. My father was called Cornelius, my brother Ezekiel. My uncle Bartholomew was the father of twelve children, to every one of whom he gave a Scriptural name—Naomi, Samson, Delilah, Elijah, Simeon, and the like. Fancy having a Samson and a Delilah in the same family! Yet the gipsies have no Bibles, and if they had they could not read them. Whence, then, these Scriptural names? Do they not come down to us from tradition? May it not be that we are one of the lost tribes? We ourselves believe that we are akin to the Jews. Our noses are not usually quite so prominent, but we often have the eyes and hair of Jews.

"Although, as far as the knowledge of religion is concerned, gipsies dwell in heathen darkness, in the days when I was a boy, they scrupulously observed the Sabbath, except when the 'gorgios' (people who are not gipsies) visited them, and tempted them with money to tell their fortunes. The ancient Jewish law and custom of marriage is the same as that in vogue among the gipsies. There is never such a thing as a gipsy breach of promise case, and if there were, the evidence would probably be scanty, for gipsy sweethearts do not write to each other—because they cannot. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of them never held a pen in their hands. The ceremonial is the same as that which was observed at the nuptials of Rebecca and Isaac.

"The gipsies are an Eastern race, and the idea has in course of generations grown up among outsiders that they can reveal the secrets of the hidden future. The gipsies do not themselves believe this; they know that fortune-telling is a mere cheat, but they are not averse to making profit out of the folly and superstition of the 'gorgios.' I know some of my people may be very angry with me for this statement, but the truth must be told.

"I had no education, and no knowledge of 'gorgio' civilization, and I grew up wild as the birds, frolicsome as the lambs, and as difficult to catch as the rabbits. All the grasses and flowers and trees of the field, and all living things were my friends and companions. It was my mother's death, however, which woke me to full consciousness, if I may so put it."

While travelling in Hertfordshire, one of the girls of the family took the smallpox, then one of the boys, and finally the mother. In two or three days a little baby was born. The father, who was a most affectionate husband, saw with dismay that his wife was dying. Some time before he had been in prison for three months, on a false charge, and while there he had heard about Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. He told his dying wife all he knew of Him. While standing outside the waggon, he heard her sing :

* "Gipsy Smith, His Life and Work." By Himself. London National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell and William Briggs. Price, cloth, $1.50.

"I have a Father in the Promised Land,
My God calls me I must go
To meet Him in the Promised Land."

He went back and said, "Polly, my dear, where did you learn that song?" She said, "Cornelius, I heard it when I was a little girl. One Sunday my father's tents were pitched on a village green, and seeing the young people and others going into a little school or church, I followed them in, and they sang those words."

She repeated them over and over again. Turning to her husband, she said, "I am not afraid to die now. I feel that it will be all right. God will take care of my children."

While the father and his five children stood around the coffin, the tent caught fire, and all their little worldly possessions were burnt to ashes. The sparks flew around on all sides of the coffin, and it seemed as if that, too, and its precious contents, would be given to the flames. The father fell upon his face on the grass, crying like a child. But the coffin remained unharmed.

Henceforth a strange trouble took possession of that father's heart. "One morning," he writes, "we had left Luton behind us. Presently we saw two gipsy waggons coming towards us. To my father's great delight, it was those of his brothers, Woodlock and Bartholomew. They fell on each other's necks and wept. My father told them of his great loss. But soon he was talking about the condition of his soul. 'Brothers,' he said, 'I have a great burden that I must get removed. A hunger is gnawing at my heart. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. If I do not get this want satisfied, I shall die.'"

To his great astonishment, the brothers said, "Cornelius, we feel just the same. We have talked about this to each other for weeks.

"These men were all hungry for the truth. They could not read, and knew nothing of the Bible. They had never been taught, and knew very little of Jesus Christ. The light that had crept into their souls was 'the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' 'He, the Spirit, will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.'"

A wearisome search after the way of life followed, but Providence led the seeker to a mission-hall one evening. "It was crowded. My father marched right up to the front. I never knew him look so determined. The people were singing:

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.'

The refrain was, 'I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me.' In the agony of his soul he fell on the floor unconscious. I was in great distress, and shouted out, 'O dear, our father is dead!' Presently he stood up, and exclaimed, 'I am saved!'

"When he got home to the waggon, he gathered us all around him. I saw at once that the old haggard look was gone. His noble countenance was lit up with something of the light that breaks over the cliff-tops of eternity. He sat down in the waggon, as tender and gentle as a little child. He called his motherless children to him, one by one. 'Do not be afraid of me, my dear,' he said, 'God has sent home your father a new creature and a new man.' He put his arms around us, kissing us all, fell on his knees, and began to pray. Never will I forget that prayer. I still feel its sacred influence on my heart; in storm and sunshine, life and death, I expect to feel the benediction of that first prayer.

"There was no sleep for any of us that night. Morning, when it dawned, found my father full of this new life, and this new joy.

He again prayed with his children, and while he was praying God told him to go to the other gipsies that were encamped around, in all about twenty families. Forthwith he began to sing in the midst of them, and told them what God had done for him. Many of them wept. Turning towards his brother Bartholomew's van, he saw him and his wife on their knees. Both found Jesus. In all, thirteen gipsies professed to find Christ that morning."

These scenes powerfully impressed Rodney. He, too, felt that he must have this strange, wonderful, blessed change. Under the deepest conviction he wandered one evening into a little Primitive Methodist chapel. There and then he vowed that he would give himself to Christ publicly, if he got a chance. The opportunity came, and found him kneeling at the communion rail. They sang :

" ' I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.'

" Soon there was a dear old man beside me, an old man with great flowing locks, who put his arms around me, and began to pray with me, and for me. I did not know his name. I do not know it now. I went home and told my father that his prayers were answered, and he wept tears of joy. He said, ' Tell me, Rodney, how you know you are converted?' I hardly knew what to say, but placing my hand on my heart, I said, ' Daddy, I feel so warm here.'

" Next morning, I had to go as usual and sell my goods. Turning round I saw the dear old man who had knelt by my side. I said to myself, ' Now, he will see that I am a gipsy, and he will take no notice of me. He will not speak to a gipsy boy. Nobody cares for me but my father.'

" But I was quite wrong. He came over to me, though he walked with great difficulty with the aid of two sticks. Taking my hand in his, he seemed to look right down into my inmost soul. ' The Lord bless you, my boy. The Lord keep you, my boy,' he said. I wanted to thank him, but the words would not come. There was a lump in my throat, and my thoughts were deep beyond the power of utterance. I never saw him again. But when I reach the glory-land, I will find him out, I will thank that grand old saint for his shake of the hand, and for his ' God bless you.'

" I believe that with my conversion came the awakening of my intellect, for I saw things and understood them as I had not done before. Everything had a new meaning to me. I could only spell and understand words of one syllable. I used to get my Bible down and begin to read it, sometimes the wrong side up, in my father's tent or in the corner of a field. Many a time I have wept and prayed over that Bible. I wanted my heart filled with the spirit of it.

" I was on very good terms with the women in the villages. After I had done my best to get them to buy my goods, I would say to them, ' Would you like me to sing for you?' and they usually said, ' yes.' Sometimes quite a number of them would gather in a neighbour's kitchen to hear me, and I would sing to them hymn after hymn, and then, perhaps, tell them about myself, how I had no mother, how I loved Jesus, and how I meant to be his boy all my life. The poor souls would weep at my story. I came to be known as the ' singing gipsy boy.' "

It was becoming increasingly evident that the gipsy boy had some talents for usefulness, and as soon as he came under the eagle eye of the Rev. William Booth of the Salvation Army, he was soon set to

work. The transition from the free, wild life of a gipsy to staid forms of civilization befitting an evangelist, for a boy only a little over seventeen, was a tremendous task. But Rodney set himself to it with a courage and persistence that could not fail.

General Booth announced at a crowded meeting that the next speaker would be a gipsy boy. The boy shook in every limb, when the quick eye of the General, seeing this, said "sing us a solo," which he did. A Salvationist shouted, "Keep your heart up, youngster." He said, "My heart is in my mouth, where do you want it?" And so he began his evangelistic career before he was seventeen. He was sent out on a mission and bought his first frock coat, a ready-made hand-me-down, in which he looked and felt like a guy. He felt "as if he had been dipped in starch and hung up by the hair of his head to dry."

He did not leave the dear gipsy tent without many tears. It was as dear to him as Windsor Castle to a prince of the blood. It was like tearing his heart out to leave them. He kissed them all and started off, and then ran back again many times, and they after him. He could have carried all he had in a brown paper parcel, but the dignity of the occasion demanded a box, for which he paid half-a-crown and corded it with rope.

For the first time in his life he had to sit up to a table and use a knife and fork. He did not know what to do with a table napkin, he thought it was a handkerchief, and said so. His hosts were kind enough not to laugh, and he said: "Please excuse me, I don't know any better, I'm only a gipsy boy." After supper they showed him his "apartment." He looked up the word in his dictionary, one of his three books, to find what it meant. When they shut the door he felt as if he were in gaol, a prisoner between four walls and the ceiling. He had never slept beneath a roof before. He dreamed of his father's tent and waggon. He was wont to make his toilet at a running brook, and the strange etiquette of civilization was irksome.

His great trouble was reading the lessons. He read slowly and carefully till he saw a long word coming in sight, then he stopped and made some comments and began to read again, but took care to begin on the other side of the long word. Yet he lived to become a flaming evangelist in two hemispheres, and to stand unabashed before princes and potentates.

Success attended his efforts from the very first. Crowds came to hear the "gipsy boy" and hundreds were converted.

"The General said to me one day," he writes, "'Where do you want to go to next?' I answered, 'Send me to the nearest place to the bottomless pit.'

"When I got to Stoke Station the pit-fires came in sight, and I could smell the sulphur of the iron foundries, and see the smoke of the potteries, I began to wonder if I had not got to the actual place whither I had asked to be sent.

"The meetings were held in the old Batty Circus, a cold, draughty, tumble-down sort of a place. Sprinkled over the seats of the building were from twenty to thirty people, looking for all the world like jam-pots on a shelf, and singing as I entered, 'I need Thee, oh, I need Thee.' Believe me, I stood and laughed. I thought it was true enough that they needed somebody."

Nothing daunted, our young evangelist set to work, fixed up the place with his own hands, and got what help he could from others.

The crowds soon began to come. On Sunday he conducted nine services, indoors and out-of-doors. The congregations rose to seven

and eight thousand. The churches turned in and helped, with scarcely an exception. Multitudes were saved.

At the end of six months, through an unfortunate misunderstanding, and the exercise of far too autocratic authority on the part of the higher Army officers, and even General Booth himself, Gipsy Smith was dismissed from the Army. His statement of the facts is simple, straightforward, and entirely free from bitterness. Gipsy Smith had certainly done nothing to deserve this treatment, but he closes with these words : " I have the warmest feelings of love and admiration for General Booth. He gave me my first opportunity as an evangelist, and put me in the way of an experience which has been invaluable to me. I think that William Booth is one of the grandest men that God ever gave to the world. His treatment of me was always kind and fatherly."

But the work of revival went on, and on a grander scale than ever. A committee was formed, representing almost all the churches in the locality. A very much larger building was hired. Immense numbers were converted. The gipsy had for several years one of the largest congregations in Britain, outside London.

" The work in this place went on without any abatement of interest, attendance, or results. Having to face the same huge congregation so constantly, I began to feel acutely the need of wider reading. And so I set myself to study. My first reading, outside my Bible, consisted of Matthew Henry's Commentary, the lives of some of the early Methodists, the Rev. Charles Finney's 'Lectures on Revivals,' the books of Dr. Parker, Dr. McLaren, Robertson of Brighton, something of Spurgeon, and John Wesley. I began also to taste the writings of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Whittier, Byron, Longfellow, George Eliot, and just a very little of Carlyle and Ruskin. I lived in a new world. What an ignorant child I felt myself to be!"

But a wider field was opening for Gipsy Smith. He was invited to come over to the United States. In 1889 he started for the American Continent. He was sent by the acting editor of The New York Advocate to one of the city pastors who had been enquiring for help. " When at last I was ushered into his presence, I felt somewhat cowed and hushed. I handed him the editor's note. He put on his gold pince-nez, and after reading it with a rather severe expression of countenance, he took them off, and looking me hard and full in the face, said in a decisive tone, 'Well, brother, I guess I don't want you.'

" I returned his gaze calmly and replied, 'Well, doctor, I think you do.'

" He smiled, pleased rather than offended at my cheek. 'I am no adventurer,' I said, 'I ask you to read these before I leave you,' handing him my letters of introduction. That evening towards the close of the meeting in his church, he spied me. 'Friends, we have a real live gipsy in the house to-night—but he is a converted gipsy. I will ask him to talk to you.'

" I addressed the people very briefly, just long enough to know that they were thoroughly interested, and anxious for me to go on. While they were bowing their heads for the benediction, I slipped out. While at breakfast the following morning the Doctor and two gentlemen called on me. They told me that they wanted my help, and that I must go forthwith and stay at the parsonage."

The mission was successful from the beginning. Between four and five hundred professed to have found the Lord. His way was made in America. He was in de-

mand in some of the largest churches in the country, and everywhere met with great success. The newspapers were loud in his praise. He was greatly amused with some of these notices.

On his return to England, he was at once engaged in connection with the great Manchester Wesleyan Mission.

The career of this extraordinary man is romantic in the extreme. Five times he has visited America, and he has been in Australia. He has travelled all over the British Isies, among all denominations of Christians, and among all classes of people, from his own gipsies of the encampment to the cultured congregations of such men as Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, and it has been everywhere the same demonstration of power—the power of God in him and through him, in the salvation of multitudes.

The spirit of the man is strikingly evinced in the closing words of his fascinating book :

"I trust that what I have written will interest my readers. I have had a life very different, I think, from that of most of my fellows, but a life which God has greatly blessed, and I think I may add, with all reverence, greatly used. It has been full of trials and difficulties. I have been often troubled, but never distressed ; often perplexed, but never in despair; often cast down, but never destroyed. Any difficulties that have visited me have been but for a moment, and have worked a far more exceeding weight of glory.

"I have had rich and strange experiences. I have lived in many houses, the guest of many sorts of people. I have been presented to two Presidents of the United States, dined with bishops and archbishops, and slept with two Roman Catholic priests. In my study hangs a letter from her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and one from a royal duchess, but the dearest things in my house are two pictures, which adorn the walls of my bedroom. One is the picture of the waggon in which my mother died, and the other a picture of a group of gipsies. I never sleep in that room without looking at these pictures, and saying to myself, 'Rodney, you would have been there to-day but for the grace of God.' Glory be to his name for ever."

Paisley, Ont.

BROTHERS, AWAKE!

Brothers, awake! It is no time for sleeping;
Let not the dawn a slumbering church surprise;
Night is far spent, the night of woe and weeping;
Soon shall the dawn illume the eastern skies.

Lo, dusky faces turn to greet the morning,
And pleading hands are outstretched to the sky;
Hark! through the desert sounds the joyful warning,
Prepare the way! behold, the King draweth nigh.

Brothers, awake! The fig-tree's leaflets tender
Tell how the summer comes to bless the land;
So lift your heads to hail the coming splendour;
Know that God's kingdom now is nigh at hand.

—*H. L. H., in Song of Pilgrimage.*

THE WORK OF THE VICTORIAN NURSES.*

BY ALLY L. WILLIAMS.

THE Victorian Order of Nurses will always stand pre-eminent among the many noble deeds of disinterested generosity which can be attributed to Isabel, Countess of Aberdeen, during the five years that she spent in Canada. It was due to her steadfast purpose and unceasing labours that Canada has to-day the national organization known by that name.

In the Jubilee year, 1897, when loyal and true-hearted British subjects, the world over, were vying with each other how best to express their loyalty, the National Council of Women of Canada, with Lady Aberdeen, its founder and head, signified the desire that a national memorial from the women of Canada be presented to Her Majesty. The urgent need of proper care and treatment for the sick and suffering in the great Northwest, in sparsely-settled regions of the Dominion, and among the poor in the cities, had been so often demonstrated that it was the general opinion that no more patriotic and acceptable memorial could be made than the establishment of a national order of nurses in Canada.

On January 29, 1897, Lady Aberdeen made the first public mention of the proposed scheme at a meeting of ladies held in the library of the historic Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal. Acting as the mouthpiece of Her Majesty's expressed wishes, Lady Aberdeen explained the idea of the movement as a band of women workers to nurse and care for the sick and suffering, thus supplementing the too-limited work of the hospitals; with emphasis on the fact that it was to be essentially a national undertaking.

A VICTORIAN NURSE.

So the idea originated, and was duly laid bare to chill winds of prejudice and misconception. False rumours went abroad to the effect that the Victorian Nurses would be but partially trained; and that they would act independently of the doctor in country districts, which rightly caused many medical men to stand aloof from the project, or to offer strong opposition to it. When, however, the true object of the Order became more generally understood, leading medical men from all over the broad Dominion became earnest advocates and supporters of the cause.

On February 10, 1897, a public meeting was held in Ottawa, presided over by the Governor-General, when the scheme was formally made

* For cut and text we are indebted to the courtesy of the McLean Co., publishers of The Ladies' Magazine.

a national one, and a resolution to that effect was moved by the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. Montreal, Toronto, and other cities held meetings, and representative committees were formed for the promotion of the scheme. The present name of the Order was adopted, and on the advice of Lord Strathcona and other friends of the movement in Montreal, it was decided that only fully trained hospital nurses should be admitted to the Order. A Canadian fund to supply the money with which to establish the Order was immediately started. Lady Aberdeen was elected president. The work of organization went steadily forward, in spite of many difficulties, and Canada to-day is deeply indebted to the men and women who worked as pioneers in the cause, forming committees, collecting for the fund, and publicly explaining the objects and the need of such an order.

In due course, a constitution and by-laws were drawn up, after which the Governor-General formally submitted to Her Majesty Queen Victoria an application for a royal charter for the new Order, which was granted on May 19, 1898. Permission was also granted to the Victorian nurses in Canada to wear similar badges to those worn by the Queen's Jubilee nurses of Great Britain, the only difference being the title designation. It was then felt that the time had come for practical work to be begun.

The local boards of management were elected in due course during the summer of 1898, according to the provisions of the charter. The important task of selecting a thoroughly capable and qualified chief lady superintendent was accomplished in the appointment of Miss Charlotte MacLeod, a New Brunswick woman. Under her direction centres were speedily established in Montreal, Toronto, and Halifax, district superintendents appointed, and nurses admitted.

The first training homes were established in 1898 in Montreal and Toronto, for the purpose of affording a six months' training in district nursing to qualified graduate nurses. The essential qualification for a Victorian nurse involves a full course of two years or more at a recognized hospital training school, six months' training in district nursing, and such knowledge of maternity work and of infectious diseases as may be required. During the six months of training the nurses are probationers, and, on completing their course they can, if they so desire, be admitted to the Order, promising to serve for two years. They are then assigned to a district of their own, to a cottage hospital, or to other service, and monthly reports of their work are submitted by them to the Chief Lady Superintendent. Nurses are required to be on duty eight hours daily, and the nursing of patients is carried on under the direction of the physician, no V. O. nurse being permitted to attend any patient on her own responsibility. Another rule of the Order forbids the Victorian nurses to attend such patients as are in a position to pay the fee of the regular trained nurse. The fee of the V. O. nurse varies from ten to fifty cents a visit, but where extreme poverty exists no charge is made, and food and all necessaries are provided.

The uniform of the Order is neat and pretty. Each nurse wears on her breast the bronze badge of the Order, but in the case of the District Superintendent the badge is of silver, while that worn by the Chief Lady Superintendent is of gold. The out-door uniform consists of a long, dark-blue cloak and small sailor-hat to match.

In May, 1898, in response to an appeal from the Yukon district for

trained nurses, four Victorian Order nurses were equipped and sent out with the detachment of soldiers despatched there by the Government. The perilous journey and hardships so bravely endured by these noble women are a matter of Canadian history; and the names of the District Superintendent, Miss Powell, Nurse Scott, Nurse Payson, and Nurse Hanna will be associated in times to come with the pioneer history of the Yukon, just as that of Mademoiselle Mance and the heroic Grey Nuns is bound up with the early history of Montreal. The trials and difficulties under which these four nurses laboured were practically without parallel since the very first days of civilization in Canada. Thrown into contact with what was practically the scum of the whole earth; compelled to undergo hardships and privations which would have staggered many a strong man; deprived of all the comforts and many of the necessities which many modern women consider essential to life, the Victorian nurses struggled on, overcoming all obstacles, and giving to the sick of Dawson City and the way-stations the blessed ministrations of a trained woman's skill. No higher compliment has ever been paid to any branch of woman's work in Canada than that of Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, who commanded the Yukon military contingent, when he said: "The work of the Victorian Order in Dawson is a great one, and the opening of the new hospital was providential."

Prior to their departure from Canada, Lord and Lady Aberdeen subscribed $3,000 to the central fund, and also donated a sum of money for the support of a nurse at New Richmond, Baie des Chaleurs, for six months. At the end of that time the nurse was considered invaluable, and the residents subscribed the required sum to have her remain.

Her Excellency, the Countess of Minto, soon after her arrival at Quebec in November, 1898, was requested to become honorary president of the Order, to which she gave an immediate assent, and has ever since manifested the liveliest interest in the work and welfare of this great and growing institution.

The Hon. George A. Cox presented to Lady Aberdeen, as president of the Order, the substantial gift of a house and furniture in Ottawa, for the use of the Order. This house is situated on Somerset Street, and is now used as the headquarters of the board of governors, and office for the Order, and is, besides, the headquarters for the Chief Lady Superintendent and the Ottawa district nurses.

The cost of maintaining a district nurse for one year is estimated at $500. By giving grants of from $50 to $200 or $300, small towns and outlying districts are enabled to engage a nurse for a year, the balance being made up from fees received from the patients and general subscriptions. In every district where a V. O. nurse is established a local board of management is formed to supervise all arrangements.

An interesting fact has recently been brought forward—that in the smaller districts the necessary sum for the support of the nurse has been raised easily compared with larger towns and cities. In these smaller places the money is contributed by the very people themselves who expect to benefit from the skilful services of the nurse, and the work soon becomes self-supporting. This method has not been adopted in the cities, and while much good work has been done among the poor of the communities of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Halifax, and St. John, there is a large proportion of the people in moderate circumstances who have not yet grasped the aims of the Order.

Miss Barbara Haggart, a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital, is lady superintendent, or head nurse, of the Montreal Training School and Nurses' Home, with staff of six nurses. From practical knowledge, Miss Haggart affirms that the respectable working class are glad to avail themselves of the services of the V. O. nurses, and willingly pay twenty-five cents per visit, which is the nominal minimum rate; and in cases where the family can afford it, the maximum rate of fifty cents per visit is cheerfully paid. The Montreal Home, opened in March, 1898, with a staff of superintendent and one nurse, and its rapid growth, is the best evidence that can be given that the Order meets a real need of the community.

Miss Eastwood, the lady superintendent of the Toronto branch, reports steady progress. She expresses the opinion that "our footing grows continually firmer, and the prejudice that arose from a misunderstanding of the modes and manners of conducting the work of the Order are dying out." She gives an amusing instance of a patient's gratitude, a mother who insisted on calling her baby after the Order—and it must be "Victorian"—and as the family name is "Spice" it makes a somewhat curious combination.

The action of the Ontario Government in giving an annual grant of $2,500 to the Order has borne rich fruit, resulting in the establishment of homes in many remote, as well as central, places.

As the Victorian Order has developed, it is gratifying to note that the semi-hostility manifested by many members of the medical profession towards the project has been dissipated. Especially is this the case in the country districts.

All Canadians feel a patriotic pride in the heroic deeds which our soldier boys have been performing on the veldt of South Africa for the Empire, and we Canadian women feel that we are entitled to a share of that glory when we remember that some of our sisters have been helping in this patriotic crusade. The names of the Canadian nurses who accompanied the various contingents to South Africa, and who have won the highest encomiums for their work in the military hospitals, will live in our country's annals with those of their brothers who offered their lives for the flag. But "peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war." And it may well be claimed that the nurses of the Victorian Order, labouring here in Canada, have done their part in aiding distressed humanity and alleviating many of the burdens to which flesh is heir.

THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY.

These are the eyes that ope when night comes down
Upon the sin-steeped alleys of the town.
That watch, thro' mist, or darkness, or the rain,
The old, old tragedies, the ancient pain.
What nameless deeds are wrought beneath their sight,
In the great hush of the slow dwindling night!
Tired eyes! how patient ye have been,
Thus to gaze on the shameless city's sin;
And oh, how glad, how glad ye must be when
Day comes at last, and ye can sleep again!

—*The Home Magazine.*

JOHN RUSKIN ON HOLINESS.

BY THE REV. R. CORLETT COWELL.

THE most cursory reader of Ruskin cannot but be struck with his frequent references to holiness, not as an ecclesiastical or theological virtue, not as an imputed grace, but as a real and practical experience. "I pray you with all earnestness," he exhorts, "to prove and know within your hearts that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them." We are not to reject, in despair, all idea of attaining holiness because of the fictitious or fantastic shapes given to it by human wilfulness and error, or by strained emotionalism. "The ardour and abstraction of the spiritual life are to be honoured in themselves, though the one may be misguided and the other deceived." Besides "ardour and abstraction" are not essential elements of holiness; but character, in the first place, and then service. "This be (not simply 'do'), and thou shalt live; to show mercy is nothing; thy soul must be full of mercy. To be pure in act is nothing; thou must be pure in heart also."

Purity of heart—that is, the purging away of the stain of the flesh, reverence, justice, kindness, insight, is the warp and the woof, the grain and the pitn of character. The early Christians, however, did not trouble to analyze character. The fundamental matter for them was their relation to Christ. "One momentous question was heard over the whole world, Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart?" Virtue, entering into every act and thought, was assured if the heart was right with Christ. Character, the product of fellowship with Him in whom they believed, "comprehended everything, entered into everything; it was too vast and too spiritual to be defined; but there was no need of its definition. For through faith"—and here Ruskin's Protestantism comes clearly into view—"working by love they knew that all human excellence would be developed in due order; but that, without faith, neither reason could define nor effort reach the lowest phase of Christian virtue."

The relation of holiness to personal faith in Christ John Wesley could not have more emphatically taught than Ruskin teaches. The believer who has Christ has all. "Did he need fortitude? Christ was his rock. Equity? Christ was his righteousness. Holiness? Christ was his sanctification. Liberty? Christ was his redemption. Temperance? Christ was his ruler. Wisdom? Christ was his light. Truthfulness? Christ was his truth. Charity? Christ was his love." Our faith in the Christ who suffered, who triumphed, who reigns, who will come again, "our trust in the hand we hold," is the one indispensable factor in the life of holiness. And the hand that holds His is the hand that receives from Him all spiritual good; not the hand that labours to earn it. Free as the winds is the gift of the Holy Spirit, the Bread of God, the vitalizing bread, the sum of all good things, that, filling the human soul with Divine health, expels the disease and death of sin. We are "to regard," he says, "the outpouring of the Holy Spirit especially as a work of sanctifica-

tion." "The holiness of God" is "manifested in the giving of His Spirit to sanctify those who become His children."

And here a word about Ruskin's exposition of sin. "All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted." This accords well with the teaching of my old tutor, the greatest theologian ever given to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whose voice, alas! has been long silent. I refer to Dr. W. B. Pope. He was wont to assert, almost with passion, that, as Ruskin says, "Human nature is a noble and beautiful thing, not a base nor foul thing." He would cry out, quoting Tertullian, that the soul of man was naturally a Christian; that the substance of man's nature was not essentially corrupt, that the crystal was stained, darkened, flawed, no longer permitting free access and passage of the light, but was crystal still; that "sin," as I once heard him say, was a deadly fungus which had grown on the human tree-stem," and that "the less sin a man has the more truly human is he." And Ruskin finely says: "Thinking human nature high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it; the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe."

This faith concerning it will cause men "to strive daily to become what their Maker meant and means them to be," "and," he adds, "you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, 'My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go.'" Sin is an intolerable thing in his estimation. Referring to the Lord's charge to the angel of the church at Ephesus, he says that "it asserts the burning of the Spirit of Christ to be especially shown, because it 'cannot bear them that are evil.'" This fierceness against sin is the very life of a Church; the toleration of sin is the "dying of its lamp," is "soot and fog" obscuring the light. Heaven's anger is kindled against sin. Wrath and threatening are invariably mingled with love, and the fear of sin, in view of this, is one of the great passions "appointed by the Deity to rule the life of man."

Ruskin ever exalts the ethical aspect of holiness. At the base of it, in the structure of character, there must be righteousness. "The one ordered work, the one ordered sacrifice, is to do justice." The objector pleads that charity is greater than justice. "Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice, it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build on charity." Love grows out of righteousness, and love is in its nature a holy thing; And in proportion as men love God do they understand the infinity of the moral law and the manner in which alone it can be fulfilled. In proportion as they love one another with a love that is more than unctuousness and lip-largess and suavity, that is heart-deep, will they display the holiness of service in the interests of their brethren, not of this Church or that, but of the human race.

For holiness is helpfulness. God Himself is for ever the helpful one, or in softer Saxon, the "Holy" one. "The word has no other ultimate meaning. Helpful, harmless, undefiled; living or Lord of life. The idea is clear and mighty in the cherubim's cry: "Helpful, helpful, helpful, Lord God of Hosts." . . . The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life is 'Help.'"

This aspect of holiness is receiving magnificent illustration to-day

in our great missions. What holier emprise could the Church call its members to than to seek to produce out of the human material of London slums, trodden under the feet of evil, till the last trace of godlikeness is well-nigh obliterated, the diamond of regenerated character? What work so blessed as to win purity for these, so that they reflect and refract in moral beauty the rays of the Sun of Righteousness? What wonder that Ruskin should summon us to "cleanse them and calm them as" we love our "lives"? "Perfect shall the day be when it is of all men," of all Christian men, "understood that the beauty of holiness must be in labour as well as rest," labour in pity and long-suffering, which deals with the sin, and not merely the sorrow, of those around us.

Ethical holiness includes all such virtues as Temperance, which Ruskin defines as not so much self-control as self-restriction, prudence, and lowliness of thought. And reverence is essentially part of holiness. Not the reverence which degenerates into superstition, but that which bows down before "the unconsuming flame," wherever it may manifest itself, or "the still, small voice," wherever we may hear it.

Nor must obedience to the word of Christ be overlooked. For, "by simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion," says our nineteenth century prophet, "all grace, graciousness, or beauty, and favour of gentle life will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest."

The oblation of our gifts must be added to the surrender of ourselves. Ruskin lavishes much of his eloquence on this theme, and he did not spare his own substance. The man who preaches this duty as none has preached it, perhaps, since the days of the apostles, presents also an unsurpassed object lesson of the devotion of his goods to the service of his King and his fellow-subjects. His munificence puts to shame multitudes of the wealthy of those who claim the possession of much more evangelical creed than Ruskin professed to hold, and who are accustomed to think of him as but a semi-believer after all. Not less than £200,000 he dedicated to high uses, refusing to think of it as a sacrifice, a word that was hateful to him where the service of God and men was concerned. One sacrifice, he said, there was; all else (and even that) was love and duty. Not on inlaid floors in their houses, "frescoed fancies," "statuary," "gilded furniture," and "costly stones," should the rich spend their wealth, unless first they have given abundantly for the spread of the Gospel, for the extension of the knowledge of His name, for places for men to pray and preach in, and in ministering to the poor. The great purposes of human stewardship must take precedence of the demands of luxury.

"But," he firmly says, "there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one, that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure, as well as our toil, has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until that is done I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our iron gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare walls and mean compass of the Temple."

Again he affirms—and who would traverse his words?—that this broad principle never can be abrogated; that, so long as men receive earthly gifts from God, they

must render to Him His due. "Of all that they have, His tithe must be rendered to Him; or in so far and in so much He is forgotten; of the skill and of the treasure, of the strength and of the mind, of the time and of the toil, offering must be made reverently. There can be no excuse because other calls are more immediate or more sacred. This ought to be done, and not the other left undone." What we have written must suffice to show that Ruskin considers no consecration to God other than radically incomplete which does not render the idolatry of Mammon hateful and hideous, which does not place the key of the money-drawer or the safe in the pierced hand of the living Christ, as well as the key of the heart or of the home.

Last of all, holiness will make the world around us luminous. We shall see God there. "The simplest forms of nature" will be "strangely animated by the sense of the Divine presence; the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God." In mysterious voices they will talk to us about Him, will "witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion."

This is but a bald and imperfect sketch of some aspects of the doctrine of holiness as set forth by Ruskin, and his teaching may have the more weight for some persons from the fact that he held a brief for no school of theology, and was himself a saint who gave himself no airs of sainthood, who dressed in the costume, and employed the speech, of the profane, in the old, proper meaning of that term, and who believed that "undipped people were as good as dipped if their hearts were clean."—The Methodist Recorder.

OUR DEATHLESS DEAD.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

How shall we honour them,—our Deathless Dead?—
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring:
They will not have this easy honouring.

Not all our cannon, breaking the blue noon,
Not the rare reliquary, writ with rune,
Not all the iterance of our reverent cheers,
Not all sad bugles blown,
Can honour them grown saintlier with the years;
Nor can we praise alone
In the majestic reticence of stone:
Not even our lyric tears
Can honour them, passed upward to their spheres.
Nay, we must meet our august hour of fate
As they met theirs; and this will consecrate,
This honour to them, this stir their souls afar,
Where they are climbing to an ampler star.

The soaring pillar and the epic boast,
The flaring pageant and the storied pile,
May parley with Oblivion awhile,
To save some Sargon of the fading host;
But these are vain to hold
Against the slow creep of the patient mould,
The tireless tooth of the erasing rust;
The pomp, the arch, the scroll cannot beguile
The ever-circling Destinies that must
Mix king and clown into one rabble dust.

No name of mortal is secure in stone:
Hewn on the Parthenon, the name will waste;
Carved on the Pyramid, 'twill be effaced;
In the heroic deed, and there alone,
Is man's one hold against the craft of Time,
That humbles into dust the shaft sublime,—
That mixes sculptured Karnak with the sands,
Unannaled, blown about the Libyan lands.
And, for the high, heroic deeds of men,
There is no crown of praise but deed again.
Only the heart-quick praise, the praise of deed,
Is faithful praise for the heroic breed.

How shall we honour them,—our Deathless Dead?—
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion they survive!
Flatter their soul with deed, and all is said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.
The will to serve and bear,
The will to love and dare,
And take for God unprofitable risk,—
These things, these things will utter praise and pæan
Louder than lyric thunders Æschylean;
These things will build our dead unwasting obelisk.

—*Success.*

'PHEMIE.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way.
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE sultriest day of the year was well advanced, and the August sun was in its languid decline, when, jaded with journeying in the heat—as I had been obliged to walk all the way from Pointz Creek—I came to the foot of the hill leading upward to the village of Ardoise, where I had an appointment at evening. A feeling of faintness and of unusual weariness oppressed me suddenly. I paused, and looked upward along the hill-road that wound to the naked top, a riband of yellow glaring dust. The heavy wheels of a waggon just ahead of me made the situation still more intolerable, for the dust they stirred nearly hid horses and driver from view. I regretted, also, my walking-stick, which I am in the habit of leaving inopportunely at home, and the duster that I knew to be at that moment hanging unused in the hall, while meditating the difficulty of the ascent before me.

When the dust had cleared somewhat, and the waggon had vanished beyond the brow of the hill, I lifted the gripsack with which I was encumbered, and trudged on. But when I came to a cluster of pines at the roadside, whose branches overspread the way, the temptation to rest seemed irresistible, and I flung myself down on the carpet of brown needles, to inhale their fragrance and soothe my ear with the indefinable music that comes through their myriad tassel-harps out of the aerial deep. Reclining there, the mystic song put me into a mood of dreams; my eyes closed, or half-opening, pored on a spray of goldenrod, or a butterfly that, flitting like a white, delicate thought here and there, lit finally and poised on a buttercup. The crickets sang in the stubble; the grasshoppers went on their eccentric way around me; the pines whispered out of dreamland.

I was aroused by the sound of a slow, shuffling, dragging tread, and the muttered tone of a voice. I sat up immediately, and looked toward the road. An old man had come into view, who was talking strangely, wildly to himself, and gesticulating with his right hand, while in the left he held his walking-stick. He drooped his head forward, and his face was shaded under a broad hat, while he sweltered in a slouching coat of threadbare black. He looked not to right or left, nor appeared to notice me, talking all the while with himself, and flourishing hand or cane—so he shuffled on, stirring the dust into a cloud before him. Just a few steps beyond where I sat he paused, leaned heavily on his staff, and with a laboured, asthmatic breathing, panted and muttered as he stood. When he moved on again I heard him say, in a tone of reverie, "I shall find her, I shall find her yet!"

My curiosity was piqued by his manner and utterance; so I watched him till he had ascended the hill well-nigh to the summit; when, unwilling to have him pass from my view, I arose and hastened after him. At a perspiring gait I reached the hill-top, and kept the aged pilgrim within my vision. Having gained the point of vantage whence I could survey his movements, I paused to recover my breath, and to note in detail the features of an extensive domain of hill and vale and winding water spread below me; for at this elevation the view was one of the most inspiring I had seen in this part of the country.

Just a little way beyond stood an old-time farm-house, on the right side of the road, with its low-hipped roof, unpainted walls, and small-paned windows. The abundance of shrubbery did something to relieve its homely bareness. A hop-vine enfolded the eastern gable and the lean-to in its thick-clustered embrace; while over the front of the house, and the porch of entrance, a mass of woodbine went climbing to the roof, as yet scarcely touched with the autumnal

flame. Lilac shrubs grew wildly at the corners of the house, decaying here and there. In front were the relics of an old-fashioned garden, not now-a-days very carefully tended, in which grew irregularly the flowers that delighted in the long ago. There had once furnished bachelor's-buttons, candytuft, marigolds, dahlias, lavender, and the damask rose; and there the hollyhock set up its knightly spear, like a sylvan crusader, all clustered with tinted rosettes. Between the garden and the fence that enclosed it was an ample space of green lawn sheltered with elms, maples, and varied shrubbery; while over at the left was the mouldering remains of an orchard, the gnarled limbs of which were fruited scantily.

The old man having arrived in front of this farm-house, which stood solitary, turned abruptly, and, entering by the smaller of the two gates, walked slowly up the path to the front door. He did not enter at the main portal, however, but, passing around toward the back, disappeared. The place seemed an invitation to rest, and, in some way unaccountable, the man had exercised a fascination upon me; so halted, came to the side of the road, and stood leaning over the big farm-gate, wiping my perspiring face, and looking wishfully toward the well-sweep just inside, fancying the coolness and sweetness of that which was abundantly stored below in "the deep-delved earth."

Away at the left of the house, at the foot of a smooth grassy slope, stretched the winding waters of the creek, white and sluggish, save where it took the fires of the approaching sunset. There the poplar clapped and rustled its myriad silver leaves, and made a joyous melody; while on its bluff stood the soberer oak and the more sombre pine-tree, to give sylvan life its appropriate shadow, and to intone the graver monody of human hearts.

Nearer was an enticing syren-cluster of silver birches, on one part of the slope; while at the brow, and just beyond it, were the apple-trees, gnarled and mossy, in sprawling, irregular attitudes, looking as if they had at some time been badly frightened, and had started to run down hill. The fields around, and this yard in front of me, were brightly green, for the rain had been abundant, while the heat was recent and exceptional. The hilltop seemed benedictory; gladly I inhaled its gracious freshness. The balm-of-gilead-tree, that hung motionless over the big gate, though it scattered its buds no longer, like those that regaled my sense and lulled me in boyhood, brought a wave of haunted memory refining their spicy odour.

Presently the old man reappeared in the yard, and, carrying with him a bucket, came toward the well. He was a little, old man, very much shrunken, and tottered feebly, putting out his staff before him in a dim-sighted manner, as if uncertain of his way. I observed particularly his tremulousness, and a peculiar straining and blinking of his eyes, as of one who faces a strong light. He suddenly halted, as if he had observed me, and shaded his eyes with his hand, as if to obtain a more certain view of my person; but he removed his hand directly, and proceeded to the well.

There was about him an atmosphere of refinement and good breeding, and he had an appearance of gentleness and high intelligence unusual in rural communities. Yet years seemed to have adjusted him to his rustic environment, and the polish of his nature had taken a sort of rust. His face, however, indicated intelligence and refinement, rather than force, and there was a confused sense of mental bewilderment given out from him—of a partial wrecking and paralysis of the man. Yet there was a certain stateliness of movement, with all his tremulous uncertainty, and the noble manner and fine consciousness were indicated, which are the property of the gentleman and the scholar. His spare figure gave evidence of former strength and athletic suppleness, but these were long since departed. His brow broad; his face and hands still white; his eyes the eyes of a dreamer, blue, deep-set, overhung by heavy brows, and surrounded by many wrinkles. His ample forehead was furrowed with decisive lines, and seemed planned for meditative and philosophic thought.

A fringe of curly hair encircled his temples, and the silvery bleached crown, now bare. His locks were like clean-washed wool; his chin was covered with a fine beard, closely trimmed; his cheeks were large, but hollow and flabby; his mouth, full, yet fine. His nose was a marked feature, and gave a distinction to his now colourless face. He wore a dress-coat of faded black, which hung

slackly upon him, and slouched about his knees to keep rhythm with his swaying movement. It was a face on which many years and many sorrows had inscribed their evident legends.

Let it be interpolated here that I had, during my week of rustication in the vicinity of Ardoise, an ample opportunity to become intimate with "Master Buhot," (for it was by this title he was widely known)—an opportunity I did not neglect to improve. The old man admitted me to his confidence, and related to me some portion of his history. He was of French ancestry, and had come from the island of Barbadoes soon after entering his teens; and in that sunny clime some of his kindred still survived. It thrilled him to remember the suffering and sacrifice of his Protestant ancestors, who were thrust out of France by a perfidious Catholic king; and he was not afraid, if not vain, to match the name of Puritan with that of Huguenot.

"Master Buhot" was himself of a deeply religious strain, a member of the Baptist denomination. He had married a domestic woman, of gentle nature, and had settled here many years before. He had seen sons and daughters grow up about him, had buried some of them, but had lived, since the death of his wife, with his eldest son, who kept the homestead. Far and wide he had travelled, his vocation being that of an old-time schoolmaster. He loved to recall memories of that dear old time in the vale of the St. Croix; or his sojourn where the Annapolis goes sliping away among its apple-trees, in the society of his friend, Angus Gidney, who would recite to him the lays of McPherson, "The Harp of Acadia," of whom he was preceptor and patron.

I called one evening at the farmhouse, and found him alone. Following my knock, I heard his shuffling tread, when the door was thrown open, and he gave me one of his peering looks of scrutiny, and exclaimed, cheerfully, "Ah! it is Mr. Alley! Come in, sir."

He had been seated near the window, and he resumed his arm-chair at the end of the table, whereon was laid an old leather-covered volume, open page downward. I advanced to inspect it, and found it to be "Tristram Shandy." "Yes," said he, "I like sometimes to amuse myself with this fine old humourist."

"Do you," I asked, "class him with your wise men?"

"Alas! no," he replied; "I will prefer the wisdom of those who have lived well, before they wrote well—Epictetus or Antoninus, for example—or, better, Paul. But Sterne has the strain of humanity, and I may laugh with him; though the laugh dies rather querulously away when I notice his dereliction and infirmity, the hectic pallor of his life. A more pitiful death than his I do not know in the history of all mirthful men."

He adjusted his glasses, and took up the book as if to refer to it, but laid it suddenly down again, and continued:

"Weak men and erring men are in the great majority, and have numbered among them some of the brightest and most gifted of mankind, including some whose names were hallowed in Holy Writ. But Wisdom remains the same, a steadfast star, on which the mariner soul must needs look if he steer rightly. It has been said that 'in the multitude of the wise is the welfare of the world,' yet it saddens us to see how solitary they stand amid the multitude who seem impervious to wisdom, or who lack the will, the art, or the leisure to be wise. Happily there is a wisdom accessible to the simple which consists in faith and obedience toward the Lord of Life. This alone we may hope, of all forms of wisdom, shall one day become the common heritage."

It became evident to me that I was in the presence of a person who, in a neighbourhood where such things were not common, led the intellectual, tempered with the spiritual, life; and I had to reconcile this with certain rumours of his insanity, and the evidences I had witnessed of at least a morbid bias.

He was fond of repeating old-time poetry, which he did with a certain sonorous precision, yet with feeling and effectiveness. I can see him now, with his spectacles elevated upon his brow, his left leg crossed over his right, his head erect in unwonted stateliness, while with his hand moving in rhythmic concert with the lines, he repeats that passage of Pope, which has in it an unusual and real pathos:

"What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear

Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy
mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were
closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-
posed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave
adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers
mourned." *

Or, from his lips, how tenderly sounded these sweetest lines from my most heartfelt poet—lines never heard without bringing the vernal thought of youth into the heart's autumnal bower :

" O life in death, the days that are no more ;"

" Down to the vale this water steers ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

" And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

" My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard." †

I observed that he gave preference to pieces of tenderness and pathos, in which are to be felt the pulse of longing, the mingled mood of cheerfulness and mild regret—a feeling in full harmony with the revelations of this narrative—for I must remind the reader that this is a digression, and that we are still standing at the gate.

I had supposed myself the subject of the old man's scrutiny, and that he had determined to pass me without salutation ; but it was soon evident that he had not observed me ; for he went through the same motions, and gazed outwardly in the like manner, so soon as he had set his bucket down on the well-curb. Leaving it there, he wandered obliquely across the yard to the gate at which he had entered, and looked with a sort of anxious eagerness up and down the road, as if to note the approach of some one expected. He turned and came back to the well ; and while he proceeded to lower and fill his bucket, I entered the yard and stood at his elbow just as the brimming bucket ascended all dripping to his hand.

He started and turned, as I accosted him :

" Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to the village of Ardoise ?"

He moved and answered as abruptly as one of his leisurely habit admitted; scanning me searchingly, and finding me to be a stranger, he answered courteously, but precisely :

" The matter of half a mile, we call it, sir."

" Will you favour me with a draught from your bucket ? The sight of it at this instant is almost overpowering ; and I concede its merits, with the writer of a popular song, as being far superior to 'the nectar that Jupiter sips.' If the sun had not done so, the sight of your cool well and 'old oaken bucket' would make me thirsty."

A faint smile rose to his lips as he answered :

" This is a draught indeed to slake a fever. My father's table was not without its choice wine, and my memory can recall the well-known flavour; yet here I have what now contents me, while I could wish that no draught less innocent might ever be lifted to the lips of man."

He soon supplied me ; then, while I eagerly drank from a cup that had been hung inside the curb, he turned away his attention and scanned the road again, or looked down the sunset way filling with glory the watery vale below, straining his eyes in either direction, and assuming his former look of anxious inquiry.

" Is there some one expected, for whom you are looking ?" I inquired.

He returned again to a sub-consciousness of my presence, and addressed me in a tone of preoccupation :

" Ah ! sir, I have looked for her long ; nor can I forbear looking for her ; nor can I conjecture whither she has gone. But," he added, in a tone that went straight to my heart, " she will come, some time ! Surely she will come, some time !"

He spoke and acted in so distracted and mournful a manner that I was led to survey his face more critically than before. I noticed a singular muscular twitching, especially about the lips and eyes, and that wild, gleaming expression of their orbs, peculiar to the distraught, that gave me a suspicion of insanity, existing in its milder or melancholy form.

" Whom do you expect ?" I queried.

" O, sir," he answered, hopefully, in a tone of greater cheerfulness, and of

* " Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady."

† Wordsworth, " The Fountain."

a child-like confidence, "it is my little granddaughter—it is 'Phemie! Ah! sir, it is most strange, and I can never account for it; but so it is, and it is one of God's great mysteries, and our most sore privation. Though seven times the buds have fallen from yonder balm-of-gileads, to make the air sweet with memories of her, she has never reappeared at the door from which she vanished so suddenly. Yet I anticipate her presence momently, and feel that she may enter yonder gate, or come up the slope from the brook-side—yes, even now, while I speak of her. Oh! can you know," he continued, with tone and manner of sharpest pathos, "can you conjecture what a parent must feel to lose a dear child so—in so mysterious a way! To miss her, sir, when she has seemed absent from your sight but a moment; to search for her—to search anxiously and long, and to renew your quest—yet never to see her again—never to know what has become of her!"

My sympathies by this time were in a state of lively commotion, and he paused, with choked utterance, to master the tumult of his bosom. In a few minutes he resumed: "She was a precious child, sir! Though but eight summers had flown from her birth to the void and terrible day of her departure, she had woven about our hearts a holy spell, and we saw her through a mist of beauty and splendour. Where she moved there was abundant life, and all was radiance. I scarcely see life any more; but then it teemed in every sunbeam, and swarmed in every cranny. She made life and light, sir! She was the darling object of our affection. I never loved any human creature so! God, who has stricken, forgive me, if I made her my idol!

"There were two children in our home—two little daughters. My son sighed for a man-child, who might become his companion and helper on the farm, and, by and by, his successor. It is in our children we hope to survive, for our graves are sweetened by grateful memories. But some things, howsoever we long for them, are denied us; and his desire was never gratified. But little Eve, and our beautiful Euphemia—whom we called 'Phemie—did not lack love. 'Phemie was our angel-child, and we adored her. Eve was the younger and feeble—a babe—a yearling lisper, who engaged our care, and was of our kind—clay of our clay. She went tottering uncertainly, babbling of maternity, and we reached our hands to her to save her from falling, or gathered her to our bosoms. There was a delicacy about her that excited foreboding comment. We pitied while we loved.

"But 'Phemie seemed ours, yet not wholly ours; she moved in such a joyous, undecaying atmosphere, we thought of her as of one already immortal. The neighbours saw a sign of early flitting upon the baby's brow, but they spake not so of 'Phemie. How could they see in her a bit of human evanescence, too strangely beautiful for abiding here? Oh! sir, if you know the language of the poets, and will cull their magical phrases, yet can you not paint the radiance of her coming, and then the sudden gloom of her departure. But he who spake of the vanishing of earth's most beautiful forms—the snowflake, the aurora, the rainbow—he would at least have understood by sympathy our woe and surprise. He spake truly, for grief had made him timely wise; and the same love I have learned, in my season."

Willing to encourage his somewhat repetitious and extravagant eulogy, when that was evidently the birth of so deep an affection, I observed, as he gave me the opportunity of a momentary silence:

"Was your 'Phemie, then, so much more beautiful than Eve?"

"Ah! Eve," he sighed; "dear little cherub, that sat with wan, uplifted face, and gazed with faerie-wide eyes into vacancy, as if she saw something our eyes could not see—it seemed, indeed, as if other worlds must claim her! We loved her with a love all her own. Do you not know that each child in the household claims its unique place and peculiar affection? They do not all affect us alike. I loved her, too, and still love her. I know, also, whither she went. Sometimes, as I sat beside her cradle watching her, she inspired me with unusual and indefinable emotion—filled me with ghostly thoughts and dreamings, most unearthly, vague, and solitary.

"But 'Phemie warmed my blood, and filled all my horizon with light. Nothing ever realized so powerfully the glow and gleam of youth—the dawning life of the heart. She was of our world, yet with the glamour of another world around her. Asserting that sphere where all is unfading purity and beauty, she kept her wings hidden, and held her place upon the earth—ay, without any warning until she went! Sir, she was the sort of a child whom, having known, you can never forget, and of whom the deprivation is unspeakable woe. She had

a spirit of absolute trust and affection; she was an embodied rapture; she was a sunbeam soul, transfused through a mould of curves and dimples. No tint or outline seemed lacking that could heighten loveliness. Never dwelt a spirit blither or gentler in a wholesomer or seemlier body. I would dwell on her praises more than a lover on those of his mistress. And, oh! sir, that voice of hers! To hear her coming up yonder slope, as I have often heard her,

" ' Singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps her wings at dawn,'

was to have experienced a delight no bird can give. Ah! it was good to listen to her!

"And, when in motion, her form was delightful to look upon. Just one glint of her sweet, innocent eyes, with the old mischief in them; just one honest peal of her merry, ringing laughter; just one more sight of her flying figure, now fleeting over the grass, like the Water-of-Birds, that slips over its pebbles silver-footed at the base of the hill, or dancing a-tiptoe like the very bobolink, or the curving swallow! Ah! to see her so again, if but for a heart's golden minute! That is all I need to make me ready to go—to follow her, having had one more enticing glimpse.

"Sir, had you become sad, to enter when she was present had been a heart's tonic for you. She was no rubicund earthiness; her face had roundness and colour, but her features were small and fine. She was of rarest texture; her figure of exceeding symmetry. Her full, deep-lit blue eyes were shadowed by long lashes; and the purity of her brow, contrasted with the wavy abundance of her hair, that rippled gold on neck and shoulders, seemed like a pearl enchased. A mist of amber round her showed that hair to me sometimes, flying afoot through a sea of daisies and buttercups, dancing under the trees, coquetting with the sunbeams—herself a sunbeam. She was the fleetest, lightest thing I ever saw in motion without wings; for wings, I fancy could scarcely have borne her more easily than her twinkling feet. She was nature's child, and loved the world of open air.

" ' O blessed vision! happy child!
That art so exquisitely wild.'

"Never can I think of Wordsworth's happiest lines, descriptive of child or woman, without thinking of her:

" ' She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.'

"The grace of the willow, the cloud, and the evening star, were indeed hers. Then, at times, she was so sage and grave, so abundant in quaint questioning and wise remark—and, withal, so loving. How she doted on that eerie, wee sister of hers! It seemed as if she might have been Love's self, divorced in the past from Sorrow, and in the present wedded to Joy."

Again he paused, as if he had exhausted his vocabulary of admiration and eulogy. It became more evident, as he advanced, that his was a mind unbalanced, yet with a rich and fertile fancy. To turn his thought, I said: "From what you have said I can readily conceive the beauty of her face and figure, as well as the brightness and sweetness of her spirit. But will you not now relate to me the manner of her disappearance?"

"To that mournful event I was approaching," he responded. "The dear girl had show such signs of rare intelligence and musical ability that her parents designed for her a liberal education, and had the most hopeful expectation concerning her. She developed rapidly, was mature beyond her years, and was the pet and favourite of all. Then came the fateful day (what other can I call it?) that began our desolation. It was in the season, too, that begets our liveliest emotion—the era of hope, when the young grasses are springing, after arbutus has rise from its wintry sleep and faded, and when the dandelion has covered our hillsides with its minted gold, and the stars of Bethlehem have sprinkled the meadow. The green was living green; the lilac bushes, yonder at the corners of the fence, were coming into blossom; while the balmy buds from the great tree over the gate fell down where we stand, filling the air with balsam-sweetness. The warm breeze toying softly with its leaves made them to rustle and catch the changing lights of a sun clearer, more delicious than on this sultry day; when, right here, under the shelter of its branches, I saw 'Phemie and baby Eve together, the elder leaping and playing around the younger, who threw up her little hands, crowing with the glee of infancy, both brightening in the glory that fell around them. I sat, watch-

ing from the porch. Eve caught the loose leaves and mingled wild-flowers with which her sister had filled her lap, as she sat on a shawl spread over the grass, and tossed the sweet baubles aloof, crowing aloud, and giving, now and again, a shrieking emphasis to her sweet baby-babble. I saw 'Phemie weave a wreath of lilac leaves and blossoms, and put it on her sister's tiny head; then she danced and spun about her in a whirl of delight, as if her sister had been a Queen of the May, or she herself a servitor of Titania. Such loving, mirthful attendance I joyed to look upon; it was a part of nature's general loveliness. Then she started on a stag-race down the green slope, and passed from my sight. It was so I saw her for the last time.

"I thought she would be flying back again in a few minutes; and directly, I entered the house. Her mother came, looked out of the window, and, missing the child, said: 'I wonder where 'Phemie has gone? I see that little Eve is sitting alone.' I looked out and saw the baby sitting in her eerie silence, and every appearance of mirth was gone. I sat near the window for a time, still watching the little one; then, when I began to wonder that 'Phemie had not come back, I went out to look for her. I was ever restless, sir, if she was not in my presence.

"I went out behind the house, shading my eyes from the afternoon sun, that I might look down the slope to the brookside, whither she might have gone for other leaves and blossoms; but I saw no living thing, save a solitary crow, that flew over the meadow, and, lighting on a fir-tree top, sat silently looking.

"I re-entered the house, when her mother asked if I had discovered her. 'Nay,' I said, 'she was nowhere in sight.' 'Where can the child be?' she queried, in an anxious tone. 'It is not like her to leave baby so long.' 'I think she may have gone down to the brook after her father,' I replied; 'I think he is there, for I heard the sound of his axe clipping among the alders.' So I sat down again by the window, watching Eve, and thinking that 'Phemie would soon come to her. Presently I heard a little cry, and I went out to cuddle her and to fetch her in, for she was getting fretful. However, it seemed pleasanter outside, and I dallied with her till she was pleased, then crooned and cradled her in my arms till she fell asleep; then I laid her down on the shawl, and went round to the back of the house once more to look for 'Phemie. I saw my son coming up the slope, his axe over his shoulder—the shifting blade of which glanced the beams of light, for the sun was low; but 'Phemie was not with him.

"When he had arrived, and learned of 'Phemie's disappearance, he went back immediately to look for her; while I carried Eve into the house and hushed her to rest in my arms, for I had need of quieting more than the babe. Her mother, too, wore a look of anxiety she strove to conceal, and went about her household cares, drawing the tea and laying the cloth for supper. Mary was a sweet and patient woman, and the quiver of her lip or the rising of a tear, in time of grief, usually betrayed her emotion. The baby slept placidly as a sunset lake, with a star like a smile in its waters. The gray cat sat purring gently on the hearth-rug, and sometimes seemed to look up at me inquiringly. On the hob the tea steamed, and sent out its fragrant odour, while the tall clock sounded distinctly its measured tick. The sunset faded; deeper and deeper grew the shadows; an hour passed away, and then another. We sat and waited, and still we heard no footstep.

"'I wonder why Robert does not come with 'Phemie?' sighed her mother in a tone of pained surprise. 'It is growing very late.' Just then we heard his foot on the threshold. He entered, pale and ghastly, and staggering as if from a heavy blow. There was no disguising that message of grief and fear. 'Robert!' cried his wife, 'what is the matter? Where is 'Phemie?' 'I have not found her,' he faltered, in a stifled voice. 'No one has seen her in all this neighbourhood to-day. We must call out the people: we must search the woods—the creek!'

"O, sir, you cannot imagine, nor can I describe to you, our consternation—the anguish, the dismay, that oppressed us. The mother uttered a shrill cry, and sank down. Supper had long been ready, but on the board it was left untasted. Suddenly I found myself in solitude. I laid the little Eve in her cradle. Happily she slept; and, leaving her, I went outside. I could see no human shape, and could hear no voice, save that of the brook murmuring in the hollow with prophetic distinctness in that still world of trance. The sky was

clear, and a few soft stars were mirrored in the creek. I heard the sharp barking of a dog somewhere beyond its waters. Ah! what a disturbed heart was mine on such a tranquil night! Could the world, indeed, be so changed for me and mine in a few hours! The shadows crept ever lonelier round me. I went inside again, and sat, listening to the ticking of the clock, the breathing of the sleeping babe, and the simmering of the kettle on the fire—for still I kept the tea in readiness, in hope of a possible happy return. Alas! what a thing it is to have become old and helpless! I could do nothing but sit, the prey of torturing thought, while my unhappy children, in the company of the aroused neighbourhood, had gone out in search of our lost darling.

"Soon after midnight I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It was Mary, draggled and dejected, coming to look to her baby. She entered, softly weeping, and said: 'They have not found her, and I can go no farther. I am of little use in the woods.' We sat and waited through the awful hours together. Little could we say. Sometimes a low, half-smothered cry would escape her—'Phemie—oh, 'Phemie!'—but she sat and wept silently. All that night her father wandered in his wretchedness, calling through the woods—'Phemie! 'Phemie!' and to the hoarse voices of stout men the hills echoed, ''Phemie!'—but she never answered to their call. Hopefully at first, and then despairingly, they uttered that cry, but in vain.

"Day after day they renewed their quest, and every foot of the wilderness, and the country round was tramped and beaten over; but, in life or in death, they never found her, and no man to this day knows where she went."

The mad fire burned in his eyes, and, raising his voice, he exclaimed, passionately, "Sir, she never came, nor have we ever heard of her till this hour! O empty, lonely world! O God! if we could only have known! She was fit for heaven, and the angels have claimed her; she was God's child! Yet if He had called her, and taken her, in our plain sight, and we had heard her adieu, and seen the saintly smile of the dying, we might have been more reconciled to let her go. We would have looked out to the sunset, and down to the meadow in its early green, and, in our thought, she would have become a part of that

> "'loveliness
> Which once she made more lovely,'

and we would have enshrined her in that radiant Valhalla of Love, to await the immortal greeting.

"But, oh! sir, to lose her so! We could not believe we had lost her! Where could she have gone? No swampy glade, no tangled thicket, no hidden nook or wilderness recess—no, not one hollow place, or well, or stream, in all this region but has been searched for her again and again; yet never so much as a ribbon, or shred of lace, or tatter of her little dress, or a bit of lint or floss, or strand of golden hair, has any one found. The bird in his flight leaves a plume behind upon the nest; the lamb, pressing through brambles, leaves a woolly figment; but she in her passing left no sign.

"The Angel of Life gone, the Angel of Death came instead, and our desolate house was made more desolate. The babe faded into that realm to which, even from the first, she seemed to belong, and where our tender children, having safely entered, seem to us babes eternal—the ineffable and unchangeable. The heart-broken mother waned, and soon followed her child. Three years the grass has crept in springtime over the longer, beside the shorter, grave in Ardoise churchyard.

"Then, Robert having to be abroad during the day, I was left much in solitude—and you know, sir, solitary life is not good for us if we are confined to it closely. But always I have felt as if she was near, and I have been in the mood of expectancy. Still I look for 'Phemie's coming. If I fancy a light tap comes on the door, quickly my heart leaps up, and I say, 'It is our darling!' When I take my slow way up yonder slope, in some evening of early October, when the far gleam lingers in the west, growing ever dimmer, and the young moon hangs above the hill, and the short, thick grasses grow dark and cool—then, while a feeling of mingled hope and longing takes possession of me, I dream I see her coming towards me, and I reach out my aching arms to enfold her!

"Sometimes, when the wintry shadows have fallen early, and I sit lonely, waiting for my son's return, I brighten up the fire and set the table freshly, as if for a guest; then I start

up, half-believing that I hear the sound of her light feet on the crispy snow outside.

"What delays her? She must know the fireside awaits her; that here linger her sad father and the lonely old man that loved her so—who still loves her!"

He paused, gave me a piteous look, and resumed: "O sir, she must come—she must come, some time! Yet where can she have gone to have stayed so long? Surely no ill can have happened to her. No gipsy band was known to have been in the neighbourhood; and she must, if seized and taken by force, have uttered her cry; yet no one heard it. No allurement on earth could have tempted her loving heart to leave us. Had she fallen into them, the waters of our many-winding creek could not have borne her out to sea—somewhere, in cove, or on outlying point, or along muddy shore, the receding tide must have left her. Somewhere, in brake or bush, on knoll, or in hollow, we must have found her, if near us she had perished.

"Sir"—and the muscles about eyes and mouth twitched, while his voice became shrill, and the gleam lightened his eyes—"How can she have perished? It is quite impossible!"

Then, while his face brightened, his voice sank to an intense whisper: "I believe she is alive! I know she is! I have seen her! Many a time, just at sunset, have I beheld her flying figure down by yonder shore. She has skipped airily along, just as she used to do in the years before she went away; and as she has gone before me through the furze and alders, I have seen the dancing gleam of her garments, and her golden hair; but before I could reach her she vanished away. She is our Kilmeny, and she haunts yonder slope and shore! Often, in calm summer evenings, I hear her away down by the brook, with snatches of song and wild aerial laughter. But will she not come back to be at home with us? Loving heart that she is, why does she not come to me, who so long for her?"

His plaintive voice ceased, and, with an air of dejection, he returned to the gate, and surveyed the highway, whereon no creature was visible.

As I sauntered on toward Ardoise village, musing how thought so similar should come to poet and madman, I crooned the ballad of that "sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door":

"Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind."

A BALLAD OF SEMMERWATER.

A NORTH-COUNTRY LEGEND.

Deep asleep, deep asleep,
Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater,
Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
A mickle town and tall;
King's tower and queen's bower
And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
"I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the eller's cot,
The eller's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oat-cake,
They gave him of their ale.

He cursed aloud that city proud,
He cursed it in its pride;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
Down the brant hillside;
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower
And weed and reed in the gloom,
And a lost city in Semmerwater
Deep asleep till Doom.

—*William Watson, in the Century Magazine.*

MISSIONARY LIFE IN MUSKOKA IN THE SIXTIES.

BY THE REV. W. THORNLEY.

IN these days of strivings and stress on the part of both ministers and people, it may be of interest to many to know how we did the work in the years gone by. In July, 1865, the former P. M. Conference appointed me to the old Laskay Circuit. My superintendent during that Conference year was the Rev. W. Lomas, a man—how shall we describe him? —genial, many-sided, and at times —particularly when he swung clear of fog and verbiage—one of the most powerful and eloquent preachers a congregation ever listened to.

My home during that year was with Thomas Cook, Esq., of Vaughan. The recollection of the kindness of Mr. Cook and his saintly wife, Margaret, is to us a bright, blessed memory that does not dim, though the years are so many since that day. In June, 1866, we met Mr. Cook in Toronto returning from Conference. His first salute was, "My dear lad, I tried my best to get you a better appointment, but the Stationing Committee would send you to Muskoka. So go, and I believe the Lord will bless you."

The Lord did bless us, and our year in Muskoka proved to be perhaps the best in our entire "college" course. Now that experience has matured, we entertain the opinion that every probationer for any ministry should have just such an experience as the country of Muskoka could afford. The benefits to a young preacher would be, first, the roughing it, and the necessary adaptation to circumstances would take away all superfluous self-conceit. That is an essential in order to bring a young preacher down to "fighting weight," and do away with all heroics, and any tendency to pose as a martyr. Second. The knowledge of the deep needs of the people would tax fully both pocket and sympathy, that in after years he could all the more powerfully advocate the cause of missions and be the more ready to obey the call: "Come over and help us."

Our predecessors in Muskoka were grand and true ministers of the Gospel, whose names and deeds ought to be rescued from unmerited oblivion, The first was Rev. Rounding Pattison, the pioneer preacher, and builder of the first church built in that region. The church was built at Falconburg. True, it was built of logs, and could not be used in winter; it lacked a stove, and fell short in other respects of comfort, yet the church was a monument of Bro. Pattison's industry and the people's liberality. Mr. Pattison's successor was the Rev. Amos Knapp. Though equally good according to endowment, yet how great was the contrast between the two men. The latter was calm, deliberate, and one of the best versed in Scripture knowledge in his day. His manner and face had a tinge of melancholy, yet by no means gloomy. Still, the burden of souls always rested on his mind. Mr. Knapp's death was sudden. Preparing on a hot Saturday for his Sunday's work, he was seized by inflammation, and in a few hours was translated.

In preaching and general effectiveness none filled a better place than the Rev. Thomas Auger. Strong, stalwart, attractive in person and manner, who could forget his cheery presence and especially hearty handshake? Brother Auger is now ranching in the Northwest, a successful Sunday-school worker, and promoter of all that is good.

We are thankful that Methodism, in its elastic economy, can find a place for every man. Bro. Auger's ministry in Muskoka was below none in permanence and success. What grand things could be written of our successors in Muskoka. How their names and forms pass in distinct review before us. Revs. T. G. Scott, G. F. Lee, J. W. Gilpin, and others—are not their names and deeds written in the book of chronicles of the kings of earlier missionaries of Muskoka?

Leaving our home at Canville for Muskoka in July, 1866, the country was greatly excited by the Fenian Raid. We confess to leaving for the bush reluctantly, as our combativeness was aroused, and we wished to help repel the invader; but the defence was well done, and "Sis" and her master started for Muskoka.

Sis, our grand little mare, deserves "honourable mention." She never failed to leap over cleanly and well a brush fence or a big fallen tree, and to carry her rider safely to his appointments. We saw Sis excited a little once only. We were travelling one Sunday up the Parry Sound

road to our preaching appointment, when the little mare began to tremble violently, twitching her ears backward and forward very rapidly. We patted her glossy neck and spoke soothingly, then we saw a mother bear with her two half-grown cubs come out of the woods and quietly cross the road; on the bears' hearing us, they quickly disappeared. It was amusing to see the affection with which the old bear would keep looking back at her cubs, as much as to say, "Are you all right there?" After our bear interview Sis, no matter if under the saddle or in harness, would always pass this place with a bound.

The Muskoka mission of the sixties embraced every shanty, man, woman, and child, between Severn Bridge and Windermere. Bracebridge and Gravenhurst had a half-dozen houses each. Other places, like Huntsville and the habitations beyond, had no existence whatever. The Rev. Gilman Wilson, of the M. E. Church, was living then; at the North Falls, Bracebridge, he and his noble wife were doing grand work for religion.

Hospitality in Muskoka in those days was not a "lost art." True, the bread—sometimes for the reason that no smut-machine was used in the grist mill of that day—was as black as your hat; still, it was sweet, and a keen appetite, stimulated by hard work, made it very desirable indeed. The most notable instance of year after year hospitality we ever knew was given by the Chapman family, of South Falls. The Chapmans had furnished home and board, without pay, to five or six of us, seven or eight years in succession, and their kindness in every possible way stamped them as "given to hospitality" to all and sundry. How clearly we remember the individual members of their choice family. The father, hard-working, blunt, a typical pioneer in determination. If any one could succeed among the rocks of Muskoka he could and would. The mother, what a compensating balance was she to father—bright, cheerful, loving; what a mother she was to us. Who that knew them could forget the younger members of their Methodist parsonage.

In this matter of hospitality and liberality in Muskoka of the sixties, what a list of names will occur to our colleagues of that period "from Dan to Beersheba." How they come up in visions of the past, telling of self-denial and unwearied care and affection for those who sought their temporal and spiritual welfare.

An illustration of this liberal spirit we may record. In the summer of 1866 there came to Muskoka, from the Old Land, Mr. W. T——, and his wife. The idea of possessing a hundred acres of land was to the English mind very attractive. When the lot was chosen, the neighbours, as a matter of course, had a "bee" to put up the T—— shanty. A few days after the raising we paid him a visit. He was then engaged in chinking the walls of his building. We sat on the saddle watching through the doorless opening, his nearly fruitless attempt to drive in the round poles as chinking. Throwing the bridle-rein over the limb of a tree, we borrowed his axe, and finding a good splitting piece of timber, we split it in half, then quarters, then into eighths, wedge-shaped, then driving them into the chinks, they were secure and ready for the clay. During this work the face of Mr. T—— was an amusing study. At last he exclaimed, "Do the preachers in this country do such things?" Our reply was, "Certainly, we do all we can to benefit the hands and hearts of the people." This man, with his wife and others, were converted shortly after in an all-day meeting held in the house of Brother Nehemiah Matthews. The Holy Spirit was very manifest to convict and convert. The whole people of the neighbourhood were present, and, having the valuable help of the late Thomas McMurray, Jacob Spence, and others, it was a time of divine power, and many a backwoods wanderer was recalled to the Lord Jesus Christ.

We assisted Bro. Wilson at the North Falls in a protracted meeting in the early part of 1867. At this time many persons were converted, and showed the reality of their conversion by throwing away the pipe, quid, whiskey, and sin in every form—a changed heart followed by a changed life.

A truly converted heart leads in many cases to a converted pocket. An instance showing this comes to mind. In the fall of 1866 we rode up to the shanty of a new settler, just converted to God. Addressing us with deep feeling, he said, "Now, sir, how strange it is that I and my wife left many comforts in the Old Land, yet we came to Canada, and have found the greatest of all blessings, health and salvation. Wife and I have reared the family altar, and have resolved to give one-tenth of our entire income to God's service, and I want

o begin the giving now, seeing that have just finished harvesting."

"Instinctively we looked round to see a strawstack and other evidences of successful farming; noticing our look he said: "O here are my crops." Following his direction, we saw a pile of very small potatoes, in all about five bushels. "Now," said he, "as you do not need them, I will give you twenty cents for your tenth of the potatoes." It was a generous tenth, we assure you. Pointing to a large bag about two-thirds full of something, he said: "There is my buckwheat just thrashed there; it is not very clean, not having a fanning-mill; still, such as it is, I want you to have your tenth, and here it is." Putting his hand deep into his pocket, he further said, "I have been doing a little cabinet work for a neighbour, for which he gave me three dollars; now, here is your tenth of that—one dollar." Leaning over the saddle, deeply interested and touched, we said: "Now, Mr. T., you are giving far more than the tenth, and perhaps more than you can afford." Stepping back a little, and looking up at us with a tear-stained face, he said, huskily, "No, sir; it is not too much to give, for all is my Saviour's and He is mine!"

Of course, all the giving was not on one side; we all as missionaries carried something into the country with us. We generally left that something behind us when we left the country—all we possessed.

Soon after our advent into Muskoka it was necessary to build a stable. Mr. Chapman said: "Now, we gladly make room for you in the house, but how about your horse? You see, there is little or no stable room." Our reply was: "You have plenty of timber, have you not?" 'Yes, there is a bush full, just such logs as you need." "All right, then. Will you lend me an axe?" "Yes, if you will promise not to spoil it on the rock." "Will you lend me your oxen to draw the timber?" "Yes, if you can manage to yoke and drive them, for I shall be from home."

The old gentleman, with a good deal of interest, watched our first attempt to chop and drive; then exclaimed, 'That is not the first time you have seen those things done—you'll do, good luck to you."

But the chief trouble was to put up the stable, with no one to make a 'bee," for all the men were working on the government roads. Woman's wit and kindness helped us out of the dilemma. Lizzie Chapman offered to leave her school now and then in charge of a monitor; Bessie to leave her housework; so, with their help and a little engineering, the logs were in place, and the building ready for the roof. To get a roof, Willie Hanna, with his habitual kindness and ingenuity, though very young then, volunteered to help us build and float a raft of boards and slabs from Tretheway's mill down to the South Falls. Mr. Chapman's oxen and waggon were brought again into requisition, the stable completed, an extra stall in it, and space for feed and fodder. If this should meet the view of Lizzie, Bessie, and Willie, our best wishes and thanks to them ten times over. They were among our best helpers during our term in one of the best of all schools for a preacher's training, in the Muskoka college of theology and practice.

Our modes of travel were the saddle, jumper, canoe, snow-shoes, and afoot, with now and then a swim for it. Our food and lodging? The very best the country could afford, with the most cordial welcome any one could give. Our studies were pursued under all conditions, often with bridle rein on arm, book in one hand, and a branch in the other fighting mosquitoes and black flies. To-day we turn with pleasure and profit to the volumes so familiar in those days—Watson's Institutes, Cook's Theology, Fletcher's Checks, and other well-known books.

Who of us belonging to the probationers of that day can forget the annual district examinations? Not alone the questions of the regular examiners, but the terse, level-headed questions of one of the deeply-interested veterans sitting by. There is a great deal of truth in a phrase attributed to a well-known and able Methodist minister: "That if a man has not been able to complete his college course, it does not of necessity follow that he is deficient in wisdom." Yet the memory of all this confirms us in the wish that, could we live several lives, those lives should be, D.V., each and every one of them, the life of a Methodist minister.

What another book could be written on "Life in a Methodist Parsonage." How the wives of our superintendents and other noble women come again into view. How their patience, compensating balance, ability to manage a bank, turn a deficit into a surplus, and last but not least, become among the best mediums of communication between earth and heaven.

Barrie, Ont.

CANADA'S GRAND OLD MAN.*

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

Among the forces which have brought the name and fame of Canada to the very forefront during recent years, not the least has been the high patriotism and princely beneficence of our Lord High Commissioner at the heart of the Empire, Lord Strathcona. The devotion to duty of this veteran, now in his eighty-third year, his vigour, both of body and mind, and his broad-minded statesmanship, make him well deserving the title of Canada's Grand Old Man.

The story of his life is a most instructive one. Plain Donald Smith was not born the heir to fortune, b the son of humble Scottish parent His industry, integrity, and thrift, h Scottish pluck and grit, shaped h destiny. He was offered a situati in the Manchester firm of "Cheeryb Brothers," immortalized by Dicker but accepted instead that of a juni clerkship in the service of the gre Hudson's Bay Company. He sail in an 800-ton vessel, which took near fifty days to reach Montreal. T future peer-millionaire for thirte years served as a clerk at lonely ou posts of civilization on the coast Labrador, and ten years more on t inhospitable shores of Hudson's Ba He devoted his winter leisure reading, study, and writing long le ters to his mother at Forres. painful affliction of the eyes caus him to travel a thousand miles

* "Lord Strathcona." The Story of his Life. By Beckles Willson. With Forewords by the Duke of Argyll, K.T., P.C., and the Earl of Aberdeen, P.C., G.C.M.G. With eight illustrations. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. xii–288. Price, cloth, gilt top, $1.50.

Montreal to see an oculist. Sir George Simpson, the Hudson's Bay Governor, commanded him to return at once to his post, which he did. He learned to obey as well as to command.

In 1868 his fidelity was rewarded by his appointment as chief factor of the great fur company. The important services rendered by Sir Donald Smith in connection with the transfer of the Hudson's Bay territory to Canada in 1869, in the Riel rebellion, which followed, and in the construction of the great highway of the nations through the newly-acquired territory, which was to become the very backbone of Canada, is a familiar story.

It is largely due to Sir Donald's incorruptible patriotism and far-sighted statesmanship that the North-west rebellion was pacified, and the railway constructed. The prolonged and stormy parliamentary conflict on these subjects is frankly and fully described in this biography. "More important to Canada," says Mr. Willson, "than the Via Flaminia to Rome, the Canadian Pacific Railway, as its national and imperial highway, is Canada's greatest asset." Sir Donald was rightly chosen as the man to drive the last spike in this railway, November 7, 1885, five years and a half before the time allowed for the completion of the road.

The following year, for his great services, he was raised to the peerage. His subsequent history is one of magnificent public philanthropies. In connection with Lord Mount Stephen, at a cost of nearly two million dollars, the Royal Victoria Hospital was erected at Montreal on one of the noblest sites in the world. Sir Donald refused to have any inaugural ceremonies. "I want no flourish of trumpets," was his characteristic expression, "just open the doors when the building is ready, and let the patients come in."

In 1889 the former Labrador clerk was elected to the Governorship of the great Hudson's Bay Company. His subsequent services to the Empire are too many to enumerate. As High Commissioner at an age when most men would seek ease and rest, he devoted himself with assiduity to the duties of his office. Like a Highland clansman he equipped, at his own cost, from among the rough-riders of the plains, the famous Strathcona Horse, who were so dreaded on the veldt as "the English Boers."

Lord Strathcona has shown his patronage of art by the formation of a splendid private gallery at Montreal, being the most costly collection of paintings in the Dominion. It includes Raphaels, Titians, Turners, and works of other famous masters. "The highest price ever paid for a modern picture at auction, $45,000, was given by him for Jules Breton's "First Communion."

OCTOBER.

Like Joseph among the twelve, thy coloured coat
The partial love tells of the patriarch year;
What gorgeous palettes on the woods appear!
As if unnumbered rainbows were afloat
To tint one zone of this terrestrial sphere.
Sumach and maple, linden, poplar, beech,
And creeping vines parade their rich attire,
Some tipped with gold, some robed in matchless fire,
A unique cowl and surplice crowning each.
Now when the crisp, cool nights have turned the corn,
And the plump orchards show their burdened trees
Burning like those of the Hesperides,
Life's dreams seem to their full fruition born,
And we, high-hearted, feel no more forlorn.

—*Joel Benton.*

Current Topics and Events.

The British Commonwealths.

Certain American papers express the conviction that the colonial conference has been an utter failure. One says that it fell to the ground "with a dull thud." Sir William Mulock and Sir Edmund Barton, who were both members of that august body, say that it was a decided success. Its entire results are not yet known, but enough is known to assure us that Britain's far-flung colonies, or commonwealths, as Sir Edmund Barton prefers to call them, have been knit more closely together than ever before. One practical result will be that Canada will no longer do business on a back street, but will have a fast line of steamers bringing its great seaports closer to Britain than any other on the continent. It will become more than ever the great highway of the nations between the east and west. The British cable to Australia will be another link in the chain of empire. The cheap newspaper, as well as cheap letter postage, will bind its distant parts more closely together. Since the war the Empire has "found itself" as never before. The colonial conference has contributed greatly to its unity and solidarity. So marked are the benefits that a similar conference is to be held at least every four years.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier declined on the part of Canada to draw into the maelstrom of militarism, but he is quite willing to lend a hand when need occurs.

SAME THING.

J. Bull: "Don't you want to hook on, Wilfy?"
Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "No, thanks, but any time you want a lift, just holler."
—The Evening Telegram, Toronto.

President Roosevelt.

We rejoice with our American kinsmen that they are spared the tragic loss which was so nearly inflicted upon the nation by the accident to the President. Coming within a year of the untimely death of President McKinley, and but a few weeks after the serious illness of our Sovereign, it makes us realize on what a slender thread hang everlasting things. The guard to whom was given special charge of the President's life—an ex-British soldier, by the way—paid the price of his fidelity with his life. The Chief Executive and his Secretary were severely contused.

Democratic simplicity is all very well, but surely the life of the chief magistrate of eighty millions of people should be more securely safeguarded. The trolley motorman, it is said, defended himself with the protest that he "had the right of way." We submit that it is scarcely propriety for the executive of a great nation to contend for the right of way with a trolley motor. His life is too valuable to be so recklessly risked.

The President's arraignment of the gigantic trusts that, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, are strangling many minor industries, and taking exorbitant toll of the people, as witness the coal barons, should be brought under the control of the Government. It is intolerable that the wheels of industry must stand still or be retarded, and that such an absolute necessity of life as coal should be raised to famine prices, because of the conflict between the coal barons and the miners. Worst of all is the heritage of hate engendered between the masses and the classes, between the toiling millions and the dominant group of millionaires and their satellites. This is one of the problems of the times which demands solution.

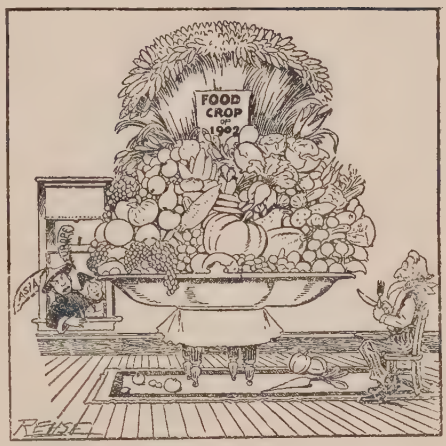
The Christian Advocate expresses deep regret that on the first Sunday after the President's escape from death by a fraction of a second he should have taken part in a desecration of the Sabbath at Chattanooga. He publicly reviewed the United States cavalry, galloping merrily an hour and a half at their head, the band playing "Garryowen." In the evening he went to the Baptist church. This was a sharp contrast, says The Advocate, to the conduct of Presidents Harrison, McKinley, and Lincoln.

The Kaiser in Poland.

The Kaiser's visit to Poland seems to have greatly increased his popularity in that country. The city of Posen in Poland was fortified many years ago by twelve miles of earthworks at a cost of fifty million dollars. When Von Moltke visited them he said, "Why, they're only earth!" "What would you expect them to be," was the answer. "Why, gold, from what they cost." This girdle of earthworks has strangled the growth of the city. No brick or stone houses were permitted outside lest they should give protection to an enemy. Yet never a hostile shot has been fired at these walls. The Emperor has now permitted the demolition of the earthworks at a cost of many millions more, but they are to be replaced by thirty isolated forts at a still further cost of many millions. This kind of thing, and the waste of the energy of millions of soldiers, is what keeps European nations poor. Their absence is what makes the United States and Canada so progressive.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals or forts.

The providence of God has favoured both Canada and the United States with a harvest of unprecedented magnitude and excellence. All through the season people have been grumbling at the weather and foreboding as to the future, but never have our fields yielded such an increase as during this present harvest. We may well exclaim, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness."



"I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET ON THE OUTSIDE OF ALL THIS; BETTER CALL IN THE NEIGHBOURS."

—The St Paul's Pioneer Press.

Africa to the Front.

Mynheer Reitz, late Secretary of the Transvaal, is irreconcilable. He predicts another Boer war. On the other hand, Botha, Dewet, and Delarey are colloguing with Mr. Chamberlain, their former foe, and are making loyal efforts to seek the welfare of their country. The Michigan Christian Advocate says:

"The British-Boer war gave a world-advertisement to South Africa as a rich agricultural region, which is one of the benefits growing out of the clash of arms. Farmers by the thousand are planning to develop the virgin soil and reap the promised harvests. One American firm has received orders for eighteen thousand eight-horsepower ploughs for use by new and old settlers. This foretokens a rapid development of the country, and it is very possible that within a few years the Transvaal will be pouring its products into Europe as no other British colony has ever done. The Boers held out long for independence, but when at last they did yield, they seem to have made a complete surrender. The recent reception given in London by King Edward VII. and his three greatest military men to the three leading Boer generals shows how quickly and perfectly the wounds of war can be healed. Africa has been called 'the dark continent.' It has dark jungles and dark-hued peo-

ples, but there are streaks of light which will lengthen and widen until their hopeful rays will flash around the world. Africa may yet lead Asia in all the elements of progressive life, and in rural sections may give pointers even to Europe and America as to the possibilities of material advancement."

There is just one cloud on the horizon. Some of the Cape Colony Dutch, who, during the war, were "under the barn," are proving recalcitrant, and may yet give trouble.

Bitter recrimination has characterized the sessions of the Cape Parliament, says Public Opinion. The Cape Town correspondent of the London Times said, on Saturday, that the Africander Bond could at any time reject Sir John Gordon Sprigg and his associates, and nominate in their place men like Merriman, Sauer, and Tewater. The last-named personage is he who is charged with selling the official telegraphic code to President Steyn at the outbreak of the war; Sauer had the effrontery to rise in parliament the other day and deliver a tirade against the Dutch who had remained loyal to Great Britain.

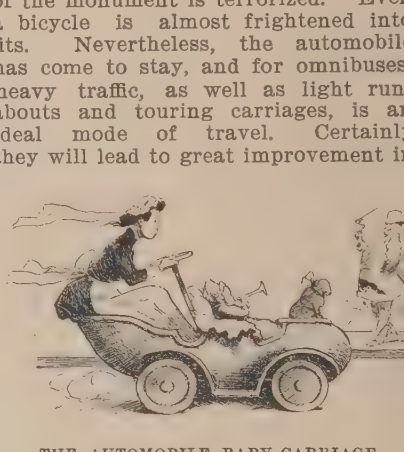
But British justice and British clemency, we believe, will overcome the racial bigotry of the Cape Dutch. They have already greater freedom than had the whilom citizens of the Transvaal oligarchy. Bishop Hartzel speaks with enthusiasm of the civil and religious prospects of South Africa.

The Automobile.

The recent accident by which an American millionaire and his wife were killed by their automobile near Paris has aroused much attention. So long as it was only poor people who were run over, the automobilists seemed to think that the payment of a fine, which was a trifle to them, would enable them to defy the law, but when they themselves become the victims, it is quite another thing. In some places, where this defiance became unbearable, the people took the law into their own hands, erected barricades, stretched ropes across the road and the like. Sixty miles an hour on a straight and level railway, where one has the right of way, is a great speed, but on a stone road, where other vehicles have the same right of way, it is madness to attempt it. Yet Millionaire Fair was going at the rate of seventy-two miles when

FRIGHTENS A BRONZE HORSE.
—Scribner's.

he was killed. No wonder that horses and pedestrians are terrified as these snorting mobiles dash by. Scribner's cartoonist has somewhat exaggerated the effect, when even the bronze horse of the monument is terrorized. Even a bicycle is almost frightened into fits. Nevertheless, the automobile has come to stay, and for omnibuses heavy traffic, as well as light runabouts and touring carriages, is an ideal mode of travel. Certainly they will lead to great improvement in



THE AUTOMOBILE BABY-CARRIAGE.

road-making, and the roads be more sanitary by the absence of the horse. Whether the baby-carriages of the future will be automobile or not is another question.

The Poor Man's College.

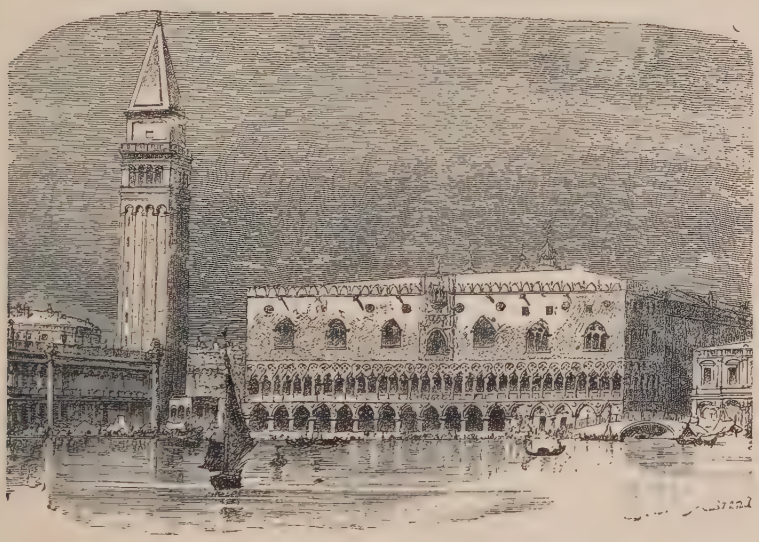
The best university, says Carlyle, is a collection of books. Books, than God, have been so multiplied and so cheapened that every young man can have the world's great classics on his shelf at the cost of a few dollars. But there is a wider need of books—books of information, as well as book

of inspiration—books on science, art, mechanics, travel, and the like, which one may need to consult, but need not possess. Here comes in the function of the public library. These are multiplying beyond all precedent. Still they have their limitations. They do not come home to every man's door. A new development of the library is discussed by Mr. George Iles, a distinguished Canadian. He urges that the public schools be made branches of the public library, that the teachers foster in their scholars an intelligent and discriminative use of books, not the mere half-dozen text-books, but of the world of books, amid which they walk.

To turn immature minds out to browse in this world of books is like turning them loose in a pathless forest. They are soon bewildered and lost. Hence they need judicious guidance. In Worcester every pupil is required to read at least two books during the year, and give an account of them. Books especially on nature study are commended. Two thousand books a day are thus circulated among the schools. In Detroit five times as many, ten thousand a day, are so circulated, and the libraries are changed every four months. Sympathetic teachers can stimulate the intelligence of even dull pupils to read books treating on topics of current interest, as on South Africa, the Philippines, and the like.

The Campanile, Venice.

To many thousands of tourists in all parts of the world, the account of the collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, came with a sense of personal loss. For well-nigh eight hundred years this lofty tower has been the principal landmark of the city by the sea. Its foundations became impaired by time, and it suddenly collapsed a few weeks ago. For centuries it looked down upon the square of St. Mark's, which has been the scene of so many stately pageants —grand-ducal marriages and funerals, with an occasional beheading. The large building to the right is the famous Doges' Palace, in which was held the Council of Ten; behind it rise the many domes of St. Mark; to the left is the royal palace of the sovereigns of Italy; between them is the piazetta, with its two famous columns.



THE CAMPANILE AND DOGES' PALACE, VENICE.

Our Church is rallying for the prohibition campaign. From her many pulpits is ringing out the tocsin for the conflict. The absence of very many of its most earnest temperance workers at the General Conference will delay concerted action for a little, but as the time grows shorter the conflict will become more strenuous, and, we believe, will result in glorious victory.

Religious Intelligence.

The General Conference.

The keynote of the General Conference was Missions. The providence of God has forced this question as never before upon our Church. The prolific harvest of our great Northwest, the thousands of immigrants who are taking possession of our national inheritance, and the industrial and agricultural development of our country, have created a problem which must be faced with Christian audacity and strenuous faith. Our Church is not unmindful of the divine call nor disobedient to the heavenly vision. The aggressive action of the Conference in setting apart four missionary superintendents, two for the Northwest, one for New Ontario, and one for British Columbia, with a special corresponding secretary, is the boldest advance we have ever made. The Church, we are convinced, will respond adequately to the needs of this Forward Movement. Of this Mr. C. D. Massey's prompt pledge of $5,000 is a proof.

The missionary income for the quadrennium has reached the grand total of $1,118,210, within a fraction of $300,000 a year. This is an increase of $67,376 for the quadrennium, and does not include $348,352 received from the Twentieth Century Fund. Our Church has not been unmindful of its duty in the great Northwest. While the population of Manitoba has increased 67 per cent., the membership of the Methodist Church has increased 75 per cent.; in the Territories, while the population has increased 138 per cent., that of Methodism has increased 178 per cent. There is an increase, moreover, of 26 per cent. in the last quadrennium.

Mr. Rowell's eloquent figures—there is no other word to apply to them—show the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities thrust upon us in the Northwest. The influx has increased from 10,884 immigrants in 1897 to 52,880 in eight months of 1902, with a prospect of reaching 70,000 this year. From the United States the immigration has increased from 712 in 1897 to 20,474 in the first half of this year, and, says Mr. Rowell, "they are but beginning to come."

In no way could the bicentenary of that great man to whom, u God, Methodism owes its exist whose watchword was "The wor my parish," be more fittingly memorated than by raising a sp fund of half a million dollars to this tremendous need. No b thank-offering could we make for bountiful harvest and the yea prosperity that God has given country.

The Conference is providing for fraternal co-operation with other Churches of our country to vent overlapping of missionary e and waste of missionary means.

Dr. Carman's opening address like the peal of a clarion. In of the relatively smaller increase the last quadrennium he summo the Church to new consecration to increased use of the old-fashio God-honoured means of evange and revival. On the amusement q tion he affirmed that those who the deletion of the Note from Discipline came not from the yo people's societies, and were not, he lieved, in harmony with the o whelming majority of the Chu The apopintment of a Tempera Secretary will be welcomed as an ward step of vast importance in great moral reform. It will aid convert temperance sentiment concrete action; and will hasten overthrow of the direst enemy of righteousness.

The cause of Christian union rapidly advancing in China and Jap The publishing interests of the Me odist Episcopal Church and the Me odist Episcopal Church, South, Shanghai, have been combined. Japan the theological colleges both these Methodisms and that Canada will be united. Thus grea economy and efficiency will be secur as well as an important lesson Christian brotherhood given to natives. When confronted with colossal evils of paganism the mi differences of Christians disappear

The Rev. Dr. George Young, w a little over thirty years ago, w his own hands helped to lay foundations and rear the structure the first Methodist church in Win peg, received a special tribute

honour from the General Conference. To-day there are fifty churches in the city, nine of them Methodist, and a population of nearly fifty thousand. Among these a score of languages are spoken, and at the Methodist "Church of the Nations" many of these meet for Sunday-school instruction and religious worship, which are conducted in their own mother tongue wherein they were born. It is the highest privilege of any Church to thus lay the foundations of empire.

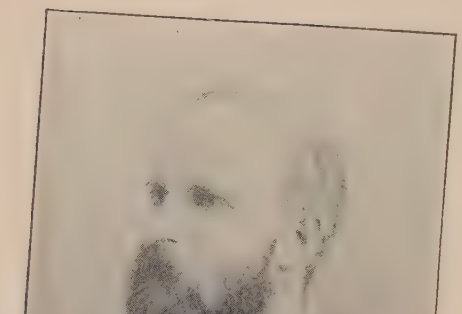
An animated debate took place concerning the admission of women to the General Conference. Mr. Joseph Gibson, an ardent advocate of the claims of women, said that in moral fibre and in courage women were far superior to men. "Go to any church meeting," he said, "and you will find three or four women for every man. God pity us if on the other side of the veil the proportion should be the same." Dr. Sutherland said that this was not a question of grace or grit or gumption; if it were, some of the delegates would not be there to-day. When the women asked for admission he would support it with both hands. Professor Andrews, of Sackville University, created much amusement by saying the Indian on the prairie kicked his squaw and loaded her with all the utensils while he walked on with lordly gait as if he were going to the General Conference. The very essence of Christianity, he said, was that there should be neither male nor female. Nevertheless, although the weight of the argument, we think, was in favour of the admission of woman to the higher courts of the Church, the proposition did not prevail. The vote was a tie, and it was ruled that it was a constitutional change which demanded a three-fourths majority.

After a discussion on the extension of the pastoral term, it was decided to fix its limit at four years, without the conditions and limitations of the present pastorate.

Thse visit of the fraternal delegates from the sister Churches of our own and other lands knit together the bonds of Christian fellowship. The Presbyterian Church in Canada conveyed its greetings through the Moderator of its General Assembly, the Rev. Principal Bryce, of Winnipeg. The destiny of the great west, he said, would be fixed in the next five years, and it behooved their allied Churches to unite their forces in a great religious campaign. Dr. Carman said that any Conference would be glad to license Dr. Bryce as a Methodist exhorter. Professor Patrick anticipated the time when these Churches would draw still more closely together, first in the foreign field and then in the home land. The Rev. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," author of "The Sky Pilot" and "The Man from Glengarry," gave an address full of quaint humour. He had not, he said, heard the word wheat mentioned during the evening. At this he wondered, but it was a relief. The west had not to fight agnosticism so much as the love of wheat. Let a man get filled up with wheat, and you could get nothing else into him, though you offered him heaven.

Dr. Walford Green, representative from the British Wesleyan Church, which is "the mother of us all," described his amazement at the vast extent and boundless resources of this great continent Only ocular demonstration could bring an adequate conception to the mind. The British Empire, he said, was not going to the dogs, but was renewing its youth. Its daughter nations were just getting their innings. The Rev. William Crawford, the delegate from the Irish Church, from which came to this continent Barbara Heck and the Palatine Methodists, and so many other faithful men and holy women, said that Ireland was more prosperous than ever, and that Irish Methodism was the only Church in the country which was increasing in numbers. The Roman Catholic Church, the Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church had all had marked declines.

The Rev. Dr. Murrah was the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Rev. Luther B. Wilson, D.D., of Baltimore, the delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church. The messages from these two great branches of American Methodism were full of inspiration and encouragement. They described its progress in its own vast territory, and its success in solving the social problems of moulding into a common nationality the races of so many lands any many tongues.



THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, B.A.,
Editor of Christian Guardian.

General Conference Officers.

With one exception, all the General Conference officers—General Superintendents, Book Stewards, Editors, Secretaries—were re-elected, in most cases unanimously. The sole exception was that of the Editor of The Christian Guardian. The serious ill-health of Dr. Courtice made necessary the election of a new editor for that paper. The Rev. George Bond, B.A., for eight years Editor of The Wesleyan, Halifax, received that high honour. Mr. Bond is a scholarly and brilliant writer, and will well sustain the traditions of the office which has been dignified by such names as those of Ryerson, Jeffers, Dewart, and Courtice. The re-election by such a large vote of our honoured General Superintendent to the highest office of the Church is the highest tribute that could be paid of the love and confidence which his ability, fidelity, and years of laborious and distinguished service have won.

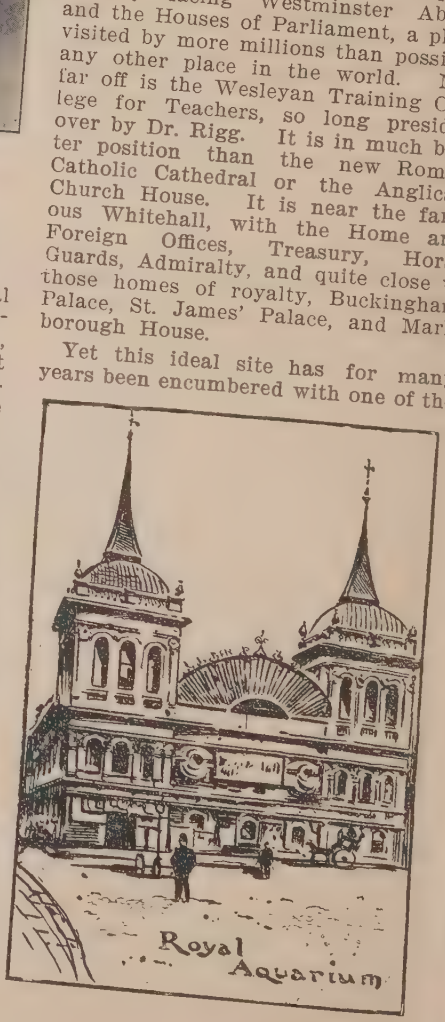
The Methodist Magazine and Review.

In the November number of this Magazine will be begun a serial story of great power by Frank Bullen, author of "With Christ at Sea." It will describe religious life and ef among the lowly, with striking romantic adventures by sea and la The November and December numb will be given free to new subscribe Let us have at least an addition o thousand to our list.

A Bold Stroke.

It was a bold stroke of Mr. Perl and the Wesleyan leaders of Gre Britain to purchase the Roy Aquarium, London, for the site of Methodist headquarters. As will b seen from our map it is at the ver nerve-centre of the British Empire directly facing Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, a place visited by more millions than possibly any other place in the world. Not far off is the Wesleyan Training College for Teachers, so long presided over by Dr. Rigg. It is in much better position than the new Roman Catholic Cathedral or the Anglican Church House. It is near the famous Whitehall, with the Home and Foreign Offices, Treasury, Horse Guards, Admiralty, and quite close to those homes of royalty, Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace, and Marlborough House.

Yet this ideal site has for many years been encumbered with one of the



worst architectural monstrosities ever perpetrated. Right under the shadow of the venerable Abbey was a vulgar variety theatre, which Za-zel was fired from a cannon, and reckless acrobats made their leap for life. For centuries Westminster Abbey was a sanctuary for all the rascaldom of the city. Defaulting debtors and worse criminals fled for protection to its precincts, where they might defy the ordinary process of law. In course of time it became an Alsatia, the haunt of Bohemianism and villany, and this left its traces in the network of narrow streets near the Abbey, amid which, appropriately enough, was the Millbank Prison. The prison has given place to the splendid Tait Art Gallery, and the new Methodist Church House will be an excellent substitute for that disreputable haunt, the Royal Aquarium. The London press is loud in its congratulations, but sometimes tinctured with a spice of jealousy at the "cheek" of these Methodists who have the audacity to pre-empt the best site in Europe for the headquarters of Dissent. The site is reported to have cost £330,000, more than a million and a half of dollars, but in a short time a part of it may be sold for more than the price paid for the whole.

The Beet Case.

The settlement of the Beet case has called forth a good deal of comment and criticism in the religious, and even secular, press—much of it condemnatory of the procedure. The Methodist Times expresses the judgment which we think will commend itself to most Methodists as follows:

"The practically unanimous statement of the Conference that on so sad and mysterious a subject as the future lot of the lost there must be a reasonable toleration of different shades of opinion, and the reappointment of Dr. Beet by a decisive majority to the chair of theology in Richmond, have secured to Methodists the right of reverent inquiry, unprejudiced research, and devout investigation, without which no church can live. We believe that if the decision had gone the other way endless and irreparable mischief would have been done, however estimable had been the motives of those who unconsciously pleaded for intolerance and the forcible suppression of thought. The wisdom of Conference was never more conspicuously shown than in its cautious, generous, and conciliating settlement of the Beet case."

A Forward Movement in Toronto.

The Methodist Social Union, of Toronto, is developing new strength and usefulness along eminently practical lines. It has been greatly helpful in relieving embarrassed churches by substantial payments to their debts, and in promoting social co-operation. It is expending for the present year $4,000 for the following purposes: In aid of Crawford Street Church, $2,700; in aid of King Street Church, $400; for hospital chaplaincy, $624; for sundries, $276.

Anglican General Synod.

This Synod, which convenes once in six years, met in Montreal on Wednesday, September 3rd. The scene as the clergy walked from the Synod Hall to Christ Church Cathedral was singularly picturesque. The white surplices and coloured hoods, and the imposing array of the bishops, headed by the venerable Archbishop Bond, in his eighty-seventh year, a man revered and beloved in all the Churches, made a pageant of almost mediaeval splendour. The Synod meets in two sections, the Upper House, or convocation of bishops, and the Lower House, the assembly of clerical and lay members. The most important business transacted was the organization of a new missionary society, which shall represent the entire Church in Canada, to take the place of the mission board controlled by the Provincial Synod. This will give

greater vigour of operation, especially in the new territories of the North-west. The Hon. S. H. Blake, of Toronto, gave a thousand dollars as an initial offering. Cordial greetings were received from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Bishop Lofthouse, of Keewatin, who had travelled hundreds of miles on snowshoes among the Eskimos of Hudson's Bay, and had built his own shack, his own church, his own school-house, literally with his hands, made a most touching address, which deeply stirred the entire Synod. He had found, he said, intense delight in ministering to the simple Indians, who could now read the Bible in their own tongue, and never went hunting without it. It was proposed to change the name of the Church to something more clearly indicating its Canadian character, but the proposition failed to meet the approval of the Synod. It was gratifying to Methodists to note the references to their Church as offering an example in aggressive work worthy of imitation.

THE LATE BARONESS VON LANGENAU.

THE LATE BARONESS VON LANGENAU.*

We record with deep distress, writes Hugh Price Hughes in The Methodist Times, the sudden and quite unexpected death of the Baroness von Langenau at Bangor, in North Wales. The Baroness was the widow of an Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, and she was herself a Lady-in-Waiting to the late Empress of Austria. Many years ago she heard, by what men call an accident, from the lips of an obscure Methodist preacher in Austria, that "God is Love." The revelation of that truth changed her whole life, and she became one of the most sincere and devout Christians we have ever known. Although a member of one of the proudest and most exclusive aristocracies in the world, she promptly resolved to join our humble communion in Austria, because to it she owed her joyous knowledge of the love of God. This startling decision brought upon her much social persecution, and the little Church she joined has also suffered much for Christ's sake. Her personal acquaintance with the leading statesmen of Austria has enabled her more than once to shelter the obscure flock with which she had thrown in her lot. Her only son having died, she distributed his property between our Church and an orphanage she had established, retaining for herself only a life interest. Nothing could exceed her generosity and her devotion to the cause of Christ. On one occasion she presided at the Sisterhood meeting of the West London Mission, and gave the Sisterhood a pearl necklace, which had been her late husband's gift to her when they resided at St. Petersburg. The necklace was sold for £1,300. She was a regular subscriber to the West London Mission, and a much-valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes, and other members of the mission. She had a perfect knowledge of German, French, Italian, and English, as well as a considerable acquaintance with Spanish, Russian, and other European languages. She translated volumes of Mr. Price Hughes' sermons into French and German. She naturally was much interested in public affairs. Her efforts on behalf of the poor, the sick, and the outcasts knew no bounds. One of the principal objects of her anual visits to England was to see some domestic servants in whose welfare she took a deep interest. The Baroness took an eager part in the Social Purity and Temperance movements. She was a woman

* This portrait was engraved from a copy presented by the Baroness Langenau to Dr. W. H. Seymour, son of the late Rev. J. C. Seymour, while pursuing his medical studies at Vienna.

of extraordinary mental vigour and great strength of character. To those who know the story of her wonderful life it will seem natural and best that it ended in a land of Protestant freedom, and that her mortal remains were buried by a minister of the Church she had so greatly loved and served.

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association, says The Outlook, goes on so deeply and yet so quietly that one is surprised at such an announcement as that which is now made that the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association has secured the pledge of $1,000,000 for endowment. In the past thirty years over $20,000,000 has been given to the American Association for buildings and for endowment purposes, all of which gives stability to the work and provides for its enlargement, especially abroad.

The Rev. Dr. MacKay, that veteran temperance crusader, has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of his church in Woodstock. This silver wedding was an occasion of great interest. We greatly rejoice that this stalwart Presbyterian is such an heroic leader in the prohibition campaign. With Dr. MacKay and Dr. Carman leading the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, there ought to be a glorious victory at the polls on December 4th.

The Methodist Book Room in London, says The Northwestern Christian Advocate, is evidently expected to continue while time lasts. It has leased the property it occupies for 999 years, paying a net sum of $20,000, and an annual rental of $4,150.

Professor Virchow.

With the death, in his eighty-second year, of Professor Rudolf Virchow has passed away one of the most distinguished scientists in ethnology, anthropology, archaeology, and Egyptology. He was, moreover, an active politician, for forty-two years a City Councillor of Berlin, for forty years a Radical member of the Prussian Chamber, for twenty-five years chairman of its Finance Committee, for thirteen years a member of the Imperial Reichstag. He was a thorn in the side of Chancellor Bismarck, who once challenged him to a duel, and deprived him of his rectorate of Berlin University. He was persona non grata to Kaiser Wilhelm, who publicly snubbed him by writing ostentatious congratulations to another eminent scientist that he had kept out of politics.

Death of the Rev. J. C. Seymour.

The death of the Rev. James Cooke Seymour brings a sense of personal loss to many hearts and homes throughout the length and breadth of Canada. He was called from labour to reward after a short illness of pleuropneumonia at his residence at Paisley, on September 1st. He was in his sixty-third year. He was born in Ulster, Ireland, the son of the Rev. James Seymour, one of the pioneer New Connexion ministers in that country. He came to Canada in his eighteenth year, and at once entered the ministry of the New Connexion Church, being widely known as "the boy preacher." He had striking literary abilities and aptitudes, and few names were more familiar in the religious press of Canada. His writings were filled with the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel, and called forth the warmest expressions of approval. The great work of his life was a book entitled, "Christ, the Apocalypse," a study in Christocentric theology, which has been accepted for publication by the Western Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. He was a frequent contributor to The Methodist Magazine, Guardian, Montreal Witness, and Onward; many of his articles being of a fervent evangelistic character. Several of these are yet in MS., and will be posthumously published. Being dead he yet speaketh. On Wednesday, September 3rd, devout men bore him to his burial.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the well-known author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The Circuit Rider," died, September 3rd, at his home, Owl's Nest, Lake George, N.Y., in his sixty-sixth year. He was a Methodist preacher, Sunday-school editor, editor of The Independent, of Hearth and Home, pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavour, Brooklyn, and author of many books which were pure, wholesome, and inspiring.

William Allen Butler, who died at Yonkers, N.Y., on September 9th, in his seventy-seventh year, was a distinguished lawyer who was best known to fame as the author of a brilliant satirical poem with a wholesome moral, entitled, "Nothing to Wear."

Book Notices.

"The Jewish Encyclopaedia." A Descriptive record of the history, religion, literature, and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day. Vol. II. Apocrypha-Benash. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxii-685. Price, $5.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company have brought to a successful conclusion many important publishing enterprises—the Schaff-Herzog Cyclopaedia, the Cyclopaedia of Quotations, of Classified Dates, of Holy Days and Holidays, their Standard Dictionary, and other important works; but they have undertaken none of the magnitude and importance of the Jewish Encyclopaedia, to be completed in twelve octavos of about seven hundred pages each. We reviewed the first volume in this magazine a year ago. The second volume, just to hand, fully maintains the standard of excellence then established. Some idea of its exhaustive treatment of topics may be gained from the fact that the list of contributors fills seven columns; the list of cuts six full pages; the articles on the Apocryphal writings, eleven and a half columns; on Apostasy and Apostates, twelve columns; various Arabic relations to the Jews, forty columns; Aramaic language and literature, ten; archaeology, ten; ark, twelve with ten cuts; Babylon and Babylonia, thirty-two columns. Other subjects are treated with similar exhaustive scholarship and research. One of the most admirable features is the ample bibliography of topics treated.

The history of the persecution of the Jews is one of the darkest and saddest pages of history. Under the article Auto da fe, is a partial record of this persecution, chiefly in Spain. From 1481 to 1620 four hundred and sixty-four Autos da fe are recorded. In one hundred and fifteen of these no less than 6,448 Jews were the victims. In the twenty years from 1481 to 1500, they reached the frightful number of 3,381. According to Llorente, the Inquisition in Spain dealt with 341,021 cases, and over 30,000 people were burned. In Spanish America one hundred and twenty-nine Autos da fe were held. This is the most damning blot in the history of Spain, and one of the causes of her decline.

The Jews were compelled to wear yellow badges on their gaberdines, by which they might be recognized, and so made the butt of persecution. A coloured plate of six types is given. During the last century a sign was placarded in Frankfort, the home of the Rothschilds, that no Jews nor swine were permitted in the public square. They were goaded to the churches on Good Friday at the point of the bayonet to listen to a sermon, with what edifying results Browning's poem tells us. The popular hatred of the Jew is well set forth in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." All the crimes of the decalogue were attributed to him.

Yet the Jew has had a noble revenge. They became in large part the physicians, the instructors, the bankers, philosophers, the leaders of thought, of art, of literature in Europe, and are becoming a great money power in America. There are 600,000 of them in New York City, and astounding as it may seem, it is affirmed that in the island of Manhattan every fourth man is a Jew.

The history and achievements of the chosen people has never been so adequately treated as it will be in this cyclopaedia. When we come to the words music, medicine, and the like, a flood of light will be thrown upon their achievements in this department.

This work should be in every public and college library, and in many private ones as well.

"Manual of Astronomy." A Text-Book. By Charles A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in Princeton University, author of "The Sun," and of a series of astronomical text-books. Boston: Ginn & Company. Pp. vii-611. Price, $2.45.

Professor Young has won an enviable reputation as a lucid and luminous writer on the special subject in which he is an acknowledged master. This book is a happy medium between the author's simpler elements of astronomy and his advanced and technical general astronomy. It is superbly illustrated. Without being

unduly technical it gives the results of latest advances in observational and theoretical astronomy—the most recent discoveries concerning the sun, the planets, the stars, comets, and meteors, and the like. No subject can be more fascinating than the study of those familiar and yet mysterious orbs which have been the wonder of mankind from the days of the Chaldean shepherds.

Our author shows that the old theory of the sun-spots as cavities in the photosphere will be seriously questioned. The diameter of the umbra, or darkest spot, varies in size from 500 to 50,000 miles, that of the penumbra being sometimes 150,000 miles, yet they never cover as much as a thousandth part of the sun, so, notwithstanding their periodicity, they cannot much affect its light and heat.

The application of the spectrum to solar and sidereal analysis reveals one of the most marvellous advances of science. The solar prominences and corona present another, and as yet unsolved, problem of profound interest. They stream sometimes millions of miles from the solar surface. The solar energy is nearly 130,000 horse-power for every square metre of the sun's surface, only one thousand millionth part of which is utilized by the solar system. "As for the rest, science cannot yet give any certain account of it." This heat would melt in one minute a shell of ice sixty-four feet thick, covering the whole sun ; or is a column of ice extended from the sun to the earth two and a half miles square, the sun's heat, if it could be concentrated upon it, would melt it in one second, and dissipate it into vapour in seven more. A shrinkage in the sun's diameter of 300 feet per annum would maintain its present temperature ; but this would only amount to a mile in 17.6 years. A rain of meteors may also assist in maintaining its heat.

A comet less than 10,000 miles in diameter could scarce be observed. Most comets are from 40,000 to 150,000 miles in diameter, though the head of the comet of 1811 at one time measured 1,200,000,000 miles, 40 per cent. larger than the sun's diameter. The tail is seldom less than five millions, and sometimes a hundred millions, in length. The density of their head is very low, only one-six thousandth part that of the air at the earth's surface, scarcely lessening the lustre of the stars seen through their body, and not disturbing the satellites of Jupiter. "That of its tail is nearer to an airy nothing than anything else we know of." They are probably composed of small meteoric sand grains, say pin heads, many feet apart, a sort of dust-cloud or smoke-wreath.

The photographic camera is the greatest aid in mapping the heavens. Those strange visitors from the outer space, the meteors, are probably ejections from the sun or from a star. They are usually soaked full of gases which could only have resulted from their coming from a planet where the air was saturated with them. They are generally hot, though one fell in India in 1860 coated with ice. Lord Kelvin thinks they may have served as conveying germs of life from world to world. Sir Norman Lockyer thinks that all heavenly bodies are either meteoric swarms more or less condensed, or the final product of such condensation. This theory explains pretty much everything under the heavens, from the aurora borealis to the sun. There is no conclusive evidence of any central sun of the universe, or any revolution of the stars around it. The nebular hypothesis is probably true, but may need serious modifications. Instead of being an incandescent gas or fire-mist the nebula was probably ice-cold meteoric dust. The whole subject, with its many problems, is one of fascinating interest.

"A World's Shrine." By Virginia W. Johnson. Author of "The Lily of Arno," etc. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. vii-287. Price, $1.20 net.

Lake Como has challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil and Pliny to the present time. Less sublime in its environment than the Swiss lakes, it is far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer ; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue. On its shores nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a

lovely face, give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and colour to the scene.

The author of this book with light, graceful, and sympathetic touch describes this world's shrine of beauty, records its historic and romantic associations, its legends and traditions, which add a human interest to its fairy loveliness. To those who have visited this queen of lakes it will be a charming souvenir; to those who cannot it will prove the best substitute for a visit.

We thought we knew our Como pretty well, but we learned much that was new from these pages. Six times has the present writer revisited this memory-haunted lake, and traversed its length from Como and Lecco to Colico. The memory of his first visit is still vivid in our memory. In the soft twilight we set forth with a companion for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness—

We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes.
That fill the haunted chambers of the night
Like some old poet's rhymes.

"Christendom Anno Domini MDCCCCI." Illustrated. Two Vols. A Presentation of Christian Conditions and Activities in Every Country of the World at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, by more than sixty competent Contributors. Edited by Rev. William D. Grant, Ph.D. With Introductory Note by President Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-582, xiii-471. Price, $3.50 net, postpaid.

This is, we think, the most important book which has come from the press of our Connexional Publishing House. It presents a record of Christian conditions and activities in every country in the world at the beginning of the twentieth century, by more than sixty competent contributors. These are for the most part the leading experts and authorities on the different countries which they represent. The work is illustrated by fifty full-page engravings, portraits, and the like, representing men and scenes of many lands. So important do we consider this book that we shall make it the subject of a special article in this magazine.

"Elements of Physics." Experimental and Descriptive. By Amos T. Fisher, B.S., assisted by Melvin J. Patterson, B.S. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-184.

The new education is becoming more scientific in method and in subject. The old style of learning by rote from books was not education at all, but merely an almost mechanical cramming. It did not really draw forth and develop the mental powers, but dwarfed and atrophied them. This book compels the student to think—to cultivate his powers of observation, comparison, classification, and reflection. The principles and laws of physics are clearly enunciated, but problems are propounded which the student must solve himself, and thus learn the process of original research. Recent developments of the science of electro and thermo-dynamics, acoustics and optics are clearly set forth.

"Remembered Days." By James B. Kenyon. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 239. Price, $1.

Mr. Kenyon's is a familiar name in the religious press. His contributions to current literature have won him many warm admirers. His charming critical volume, "Loiterings in Old Fields," is a delight to remember. Mr. Kenyon is the author of eight volumes of verse all instinct with true poetic feeling and sympathy with nature. This volume of prose nature-studies and similar sketches, is marked by the same characteristics. In reading them we breathe again the air of woods and fields, of mountain and shore. The Swiss story of the betrothed ones of Grindelwald has intense human feeling.

Miss Slack. Lady Henry Somerset.

Miss Anna Gordon. The late Miss Willard. Mrs. Stephens.

A GROUP OF TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

ON THE MAGNETAWAN.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.—LAKE ROSSEAU.